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JULY 28, 1951

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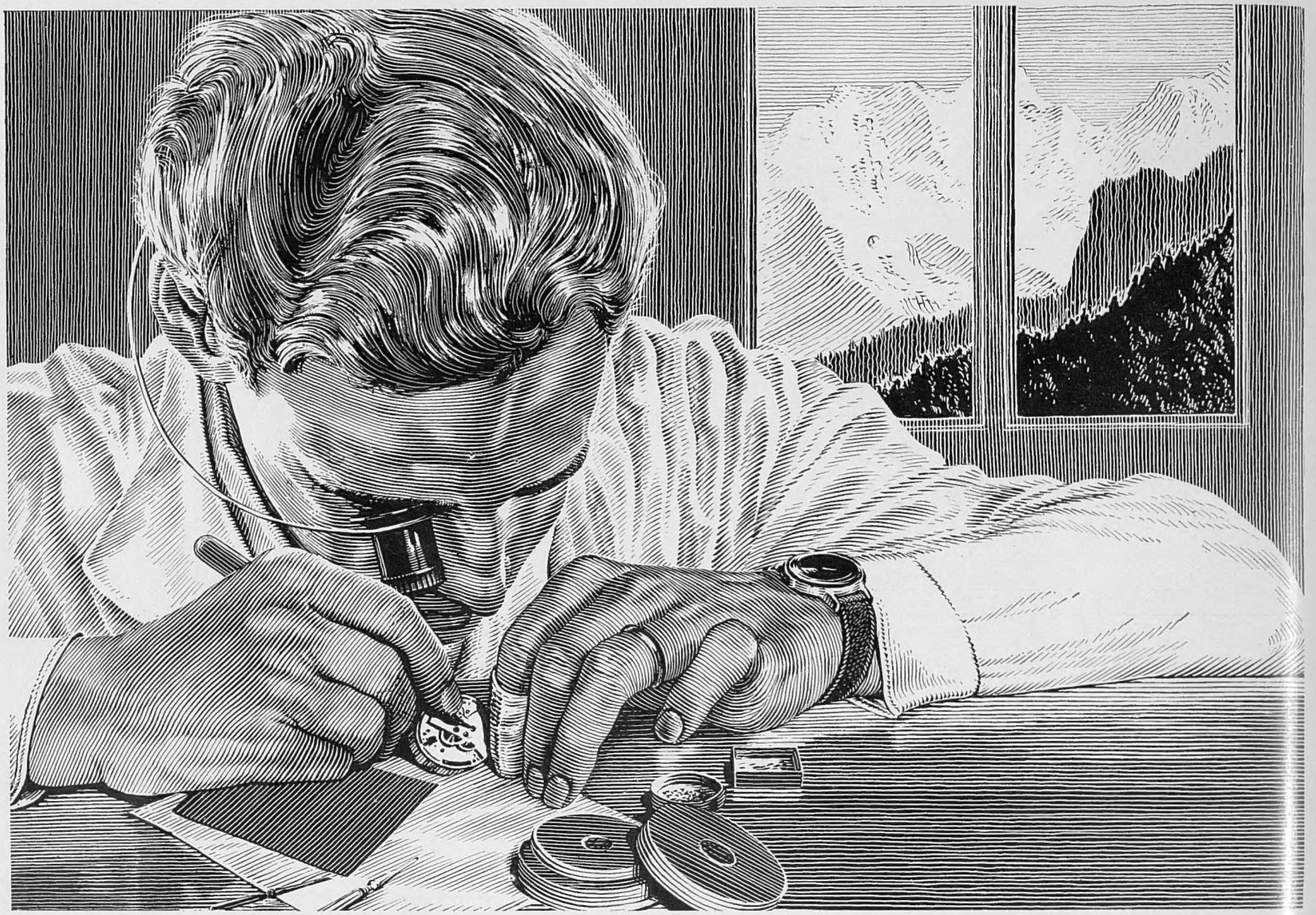

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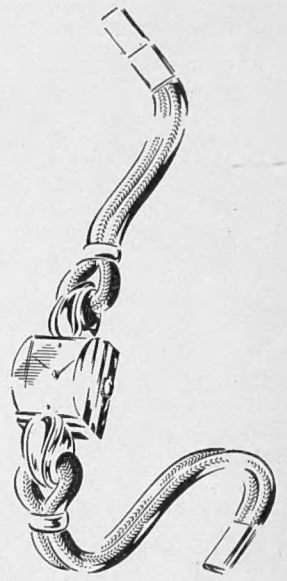

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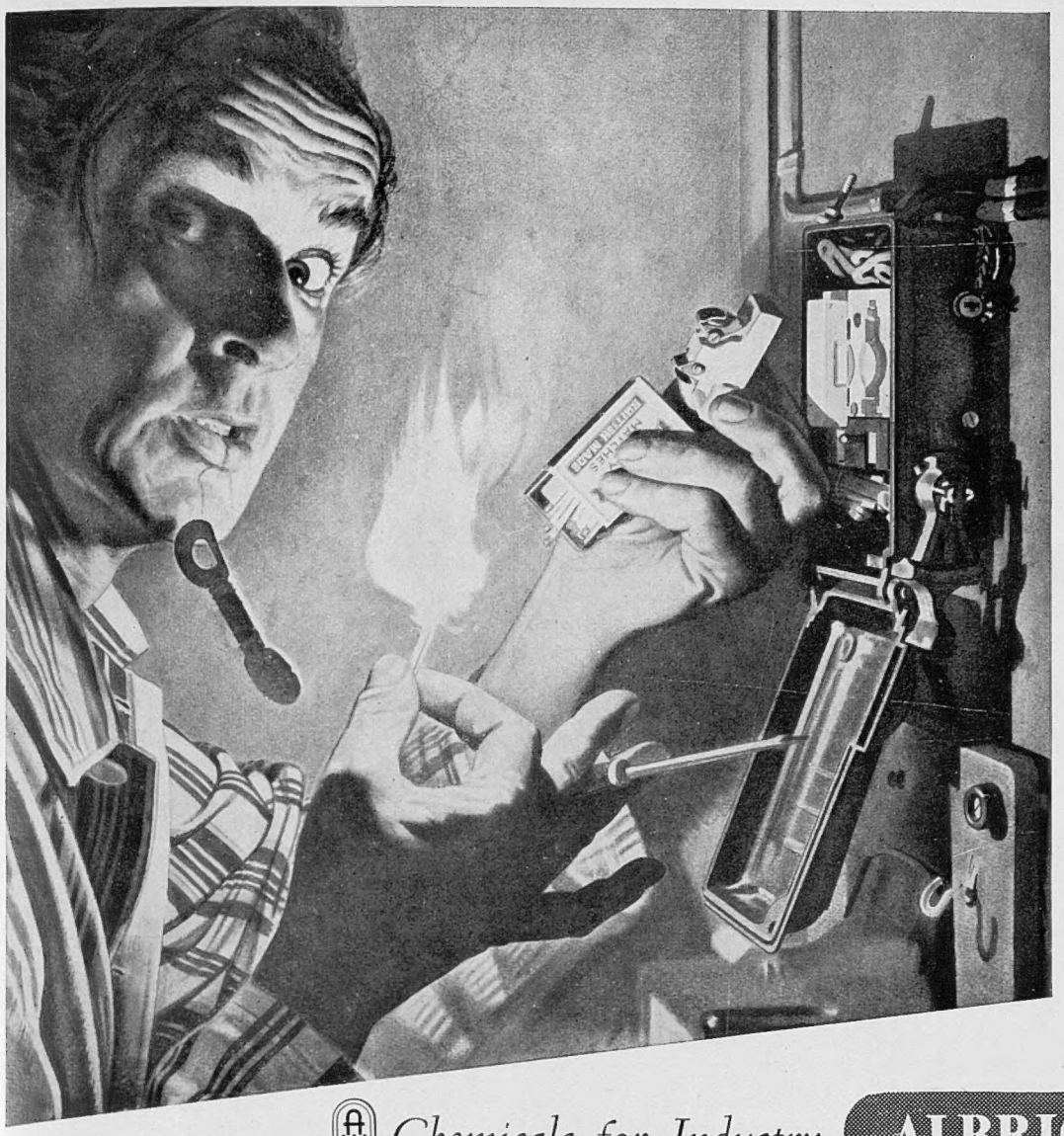

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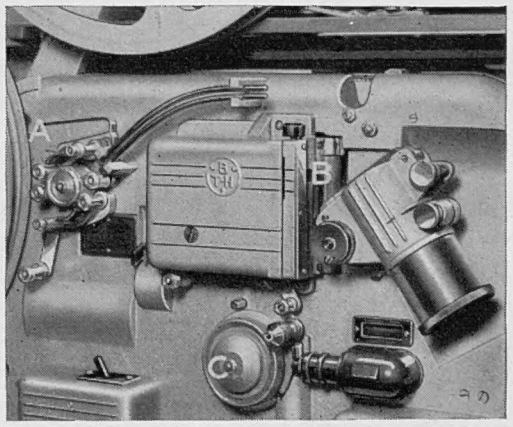

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The SPHERE, London, July 28, 1951

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

A LAST-MINUTE BRIEFING IN A KOREAN ORCHARD—GENERAL MATTHEW P. RIDGWAY, UNITED NATIONS SUPREME COMMANDER, TALKS WITH ADMIRAL C. TURNER JOY, THE SENIOR DELEGATE TO THE KAESONG ARMISTICE TALKS, BEFORE THE LATTER'S DEPARTURE FOR KAESONG FROM THE FORWARD ARMISTICE BASE NEAR THE IMJIN RIVER: General Ridgway and Admiral Joy have conferred repeatedly at the forward base since the talks began, and on July 21 they agreed to a four-day recess in the talks, the two sides being widely split over the Communist demand that all foreign troops should be withdrawn from the peninsula.

It occasioned no surprise last week-end when the Communist delegation to the Kaesong Armistice talks asked for a four-day recess. It was presumed that the Chinese and North Korean delegates wanted to seek instructions from higher levels regarding the attitude they should take in what seemed to be a deadlock. The withdrawal of foreign troops from Korea was apparently not the only point of dispute between the Communist and U.N. delegates, and last Saturday the *New York Times* correspondent, Mr. Lindesay Parrott, indicated that another disputed point had arisen over the Communist demand that both sides withdraw from the old boundary of the 38th Parallel. A pull-back, he states, might be militarily disadvantageous and might also raise a new issue with the Korean Republican Government. Up to the time of the recess the Kaesong talks had only produced the framework of an agenda. Apparently the North Korean delegates have done most of the talking to date, but it was a Chinese delegate who asked for the recess. At the time of writing it is still felt that a compromise is possible in the present deadlock, and it has been suggested that the Communists might agree to some arrangement under which the forces of both sides could be pulled out of Korea progressively. In this event, however, solid guarantees against aggression would have to be forthcoming.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

Warning to Tories.—Mr. Arthur Horner—if words mean anything and if he was fairly reported—threatened with vengeance any voter who dared vote Conservative at the next General Election. And *that* is surely the Iron Curtain election technique. He followed that "sickening technique" in two other details in his speech to miners at Morpeth. He announced as fact the intentions of a Conservative Government "to deal with the mining situation"—that is to say, he built and set up an Aunt Sally without a shadow of justification. And he laid down as the firm policy of the N.U.M. that every miner of whatever political colour must subscribe to the Union in the knowledge that they must vote for Socialism and must be prepared to strike at once if the majority of the nation prefers to try another kind of government. In his view it is outrageous that the funds of the N.U.M. cannot be employed to secure the return to power of a Government "friendly" to Mr. Horner and a majority of his Union. How does all this differ even in degree from the Hitler-Stalin technique? Mr. Horner added that the economy of this country is to-day almost completely in the hands of the miners, whose industrial power was never greater. That last phrase may well be true; its realisation might induce a number of wavering voters to vote Tory and "have it out" with this swollen dictator before the last vestiges of democracy and free will in this country of ours are museum-pieces.

An Unhappy Reign.—Leopold of the Belgians abdicated on July 16. On that day in 1831 the first of his dynasty landed in France from England to become the first King of the Belgians; that was Leopold, widower of Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV. Leopold, the fourth of the line, is fifty years old and had "reigned" for seventeen years. He succeeded his noble father in 1934 after the latter's tragic death on a mountain climb. Only a year after, his Queen, the beloved Astrid, died as the result of a road accident, leaving him to survive and to endure the most outrageous slings and arrows. He became the centre of a controversy which once more divided his nation. He was even blamed for Queen Astrid's death; he was bitterly criticised for his second marriage, and his actions in the surrender of his Army in May 1940 are still hotly debated. But passions have died down since his return to the capital on guarantees of abdication, and history is likely ultimately to judge him as a king cruelly unfortunate but at no time craven or unpatriotic. Constitutionally, he could not have acted other than he did. Militarily, his decision to surrender was probably not less justified on the grounds of humanity and even of policy. His son, King Baudouin, has not had a very happy youth, and his face is grave beyond his years. But he is popular and hard-working, democratic and a good linguist. His own peoples and ours will wish him a happier reign than his father's and a popularity and respect as great as that which his grandfather earned.

Britain and Egypt.—I am very sure that we should try by all means to keep on good terms with all nations, and no doubt at all the best way to do so is to treat them with the utmost respect in official dealings and in utterances and Press comments. Our Government give us a lead in this respect, so much so that we are inclined to think that they overdo the Christian duty of turning the other cheek for a second slap. It is easy enough, even in the sensational Press, to be polite towards a country that never deviates from its respect towards England. Not so easy with those countries which never cease to insult us and jeer at us. And when those countries are small and weak and were under very considerable obligations to us in the days of our strength, it is very hard indeed to preserve the ideal of good manners. I wonder if that is why King Farouk has what seems to me a "bad Press" in England. If you studied carefully all that has been written and illustrated in our Press concerning his recent honeymoon holiday, you would perforce conclude that no lounge-lizard of fiction could hope to compete with him. We haven't much reason to be polite to the Persians just now, but we are civil enough to the Shah. I fancy that difference in treatment is the measure of our greater resentment with Egypt.

SPAIN AND THE WESTERN WORLD: UNITED STATES CONGRESSMEN CONFER WITH GENERAL FRANCO AT THE PALACE OF EL PARDO, MADRID: At this round-table conference are (facing camera, left to right) the U.S. Ambassador to Spain, Mr. Stanton Griffis, General Franco, the Head of State, the Marques de Prat, Chief of the Spanish Foreign Ministry's American section, who interpreted, and Senators Theodore F. Green (Democrat, Rhode Island) and H. Alexander Smith, members of the touring U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Sub-Committee. They were discussing the possibility of Spain contributing to Western defence. The American Secretary of State, Mr. Acheson, has described the talks as purely "exploratory," but strong objection to U.S. bases in Spain has been made by the British Government. In the House of Lords last week Viscount Alexander, for the Government, said that it was essential that we should, so far as possible, be in full agreement and co-operation with the United States. But no Government were without responsibility to the public opinion of their country and of their allies. The disposition of United States forces in Europe was not a matter which concerned the United States alone. The British Government were asked their views on the United States proposal to negotiate for bases in Spain. The Government's view was that the project should not be proceeded with on the ground that the bad effect on Western morale in Europe of associating Spain with the Western defence arrangements outweighed any military or other advantage of that proposal.

"Little Willie."—*The Times* gave a fair and generous obituary notice to the ex-Crown Prince William of Germany. He was the victim most of his life of gossips and cartoonists. It is certain that he was by no means the ass he was often made to appear. An early visit to India stamped him indelibly in the eyes of "pukka-sahibs." Naturally, he hadn't all the technique at his command. The redoubtable Princess Daisy of Pless took him in hand (as she took most notables in hand) and left a picture of a flirt, a flaneur and a man very ill-mannered when bored. But even her portrait revealed good features. He was indeed by no means ill-balanced like his father; liberal, without side, anything but Prussian, intelligent, clever, progressive, humane. A soldier, devoted to his regiment and the cavalry arm, and, in command of a big formation, a leader often far-sighted and usually humane. If he was weak in character, he was sufficiently shrewd to keep out of extremes. He was never a junker and never an ardent follower of Hitler. He managed to keep in with the warmongers of 1914 and 1939, and yet to keep out of complicity in their crimes. He was a failure, of course. Had the First World War been averted, he might have made a better Emperor, a more constitutional and democratic sovereign, than his father. But he never had a chance to show what he could make of his undoubted qualities. "Little Willie" he lived and died, and "Little Willie" he will be labelled in history. But the cartoonists and the gossips, most people will agree, are among Clio's chief agents of the "truth" of history. Like "poor Sherry," "Little Willie" was the eternal victim of gossip and slander.

B.B.C.—If I had caught the electors' fancy and the Speaker's eye, I should have intervened in the Broadcasting debate primed with the following *aide memoire*. Another fifteen-year monopoly is far too long. In five years our world of to-day may be upside-down again. New district councils will serve no useful purpose. Renewal of charter for any period to be subject to guarantees and conditions. (*a*) No applause to be endured after concerts. (*b*) Party political broadcasts to be eliminated to preserve some vestiges of respect for politicians. (*c*) Shorter plays: 50 minutes are long enough. (*N.B.—Barchester Towers* quite the best book dramatisation yet achieved). (*d*) No advertising, but rather advertising than crooning. Shouting comedians (male or female) to be eliminated or muzzled. (*e*) No obstetrics, Malthusianism or other embarrassing questions to be debated after the nine o'clock news during the survival of any grandparents born in Victoria's reign. (*f*) Less sickening repetition of news and weather reports. (*g*) Better training for running-commentators and a clearer notion of what sporting events justify running commentaries. At present running commentaries are too closely allied to music-hall clowning. (*h*) No broadcasting, save of weather or news, before 12 noon.

Pornography or Honesty?—I suppose most elderly men in eras even less "transitional" than this sometimes "wonder whether they stand on their heads or their heels" when they observe the surprising tendencies of the younger generation. If they criticise or deplore, they label themselves old chumps and Blimps. I will risk it. I recall that in Edwardian days many of our Sunday newspapers, with scourings from the police and divorce courts, were mere sewers. I believe that the law stepped in and partially cleansed the stable. All that is changed, it seems, and apparently in the cause of honest-to-god realism, which comes to us (with all good things) from America (where book-sales are highest). I am old-fashioned enough to think that several pages of Boswell's *London Journal* had been better suppressed and without loss of virtue to the revelation of Bozzy's character and the English scene of his day. I feel not less strongly that that section of Mr. Edmund Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County* titled *The Princess with the Golden Hair* would in 1910 have been classed as "under-the-counter pornography" and subject to any controls which the legislation of that day provided. Has the law changed in this respect or merely public opinion, interpreting that law on a different standard? Responsible English newspapers crack up Mr. Wilson's book with no grave reservations, and I can only assume that what was plain pornography in the bad old hypocritical days of Edward VII is healthy, honest realism, a cleansing of stuffy cupboards, to-day. And that being so, I confess myself a back-number, too old to relish the obscenities scrawled up by daring schoolboys on the walls of public conveniences. Am I the last straggler from the stuffy age of Victoria?

"WITH BEST WISHES"

THOSE in search of a gift for friends, either at home or overseas, will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal solution. Each week, the new copy will be a fresh reminder of the kind thought and good wishes of the friend at home. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed: The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, together with the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and enclosing the subscription. Inland and Eire, £5 16s. 6d. Canada, £5 14s. Elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Xmas Number).

On the Roads.—Up and up go the figures of the cost of living and the cost of bad driving. Road casualties in May were 2,000 up on May of last year. I am struck by the ratio in my own county attributed to private cars. I often wonder to what extent accidents are due to the impatience ultimately induced in private car-driving by the breaches of road regulations so flagrantly made by heavy lorries and goods vehicles. The 30-mile-an-hour limit is set at defiance all too often. Not seldom the drivers' schedules are found to be based on such non-observance. Worse still is the convoy which proceeds at snail pace bumper to bumper, holding back fast-moving vehicles for miles on end on a winding main road and at last inviting the reckless effort to get past. On the Oxford-Banbury road the other evening notices warned us that plain-clothes cops were out. The warning did not prevent a fleet of red lorries carrying scrap metal from preventing the passage of anything behind them. Sometimes in sheer fun they would pass each other and cut in higher up in the convoy, but no private car dared make the effort to pass that solid column, and for six miles the funeral procession gained in length and exasperation until at last someone in the queue pulled out and made a dash which narrowly escaped a disaster.

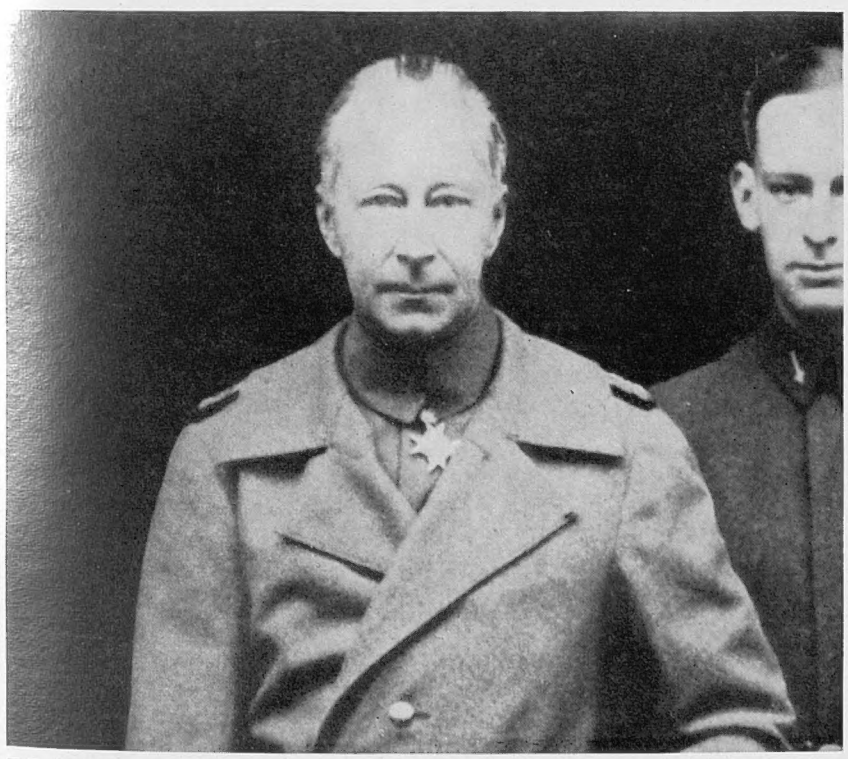
THE OLD STAGER

A HASHEMITE KING, an AMERICAN ADMIRAL and a HOHENZOLLERN PRINCE

THE PASSING OF THREE WORLD-KNOWN FIGURES IN THE SPACE OF A FEW DAYS

THE LATE ADMIRAL FORREST P. SHERMAN, THE UNITED STATES CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS, WHO DIED FROM A HEART ATTACK AT HIS HOTEL AT NAPLES, WHERE HE ARRIVED BY AIR FROM LONDON ON JULY 21 ON A VISIT TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN SOUTHERN EUROPE: Admiral Sherman, who was fifty-four years of age, appeared to be in the best of spirits and in excellent health when he arrived in Naples. He held a Press conference on his arrival, and later in the evening attended a performance at Pompeii of Berlioz's opera *The Trojans at Carthage*. He returned after midnight to his suite at his hotel, and it was after that that he suffered the first of two heart attacks. Admiral Sherman's body was later transferred to the U.S. warship *Mount Olympus*, the temporary headquarters of Admiral Carney, as a prelude to being flown back to America for burial. The news of Admiral Sherman's death was received with dismay in Washington. In a message of regret President Truman said of him: "He was one of the country's ablest officials, counting all those in the civilian as well as the military field." Only a few days before his death, Admiral Sherman had been in Spain where he had discussed with General Franco a limited role for Spain in the Western defence efforts, with particular emphasis on the use by American forces of Spanish naval and air bases in return for American military aid to Spain. Admiral Sherman will always be remembered for his work in helping towards the unification of the three Services in the United States defence organisation.

KING ABDULLAH OF THE HASHEMITE KINGDOM OF THE JORDAN, WHO WAS ASSASSINATED IN JERUSALEM LAST WEEK AS HE WAS ENTERING A MOSQUE, THE ASSASSIN BEING AN ARAB WHO WAS A MEMBER OF "THE HOLY WAR" ORGANISATION: The King's body was taken to Amman by air last week-end and the State funeral took place on Monday. King Abdullah was one of Britain's staunchest allies in the Near and Middle East. The brother of the late King Feisal of Iraq, he became Emir of Transjordan, a British mandate, after the First World War, and during the Second World War he sent his troops, the celebrated Arab Legion, to fight for Britain in both the Syrian and Iraq campaigns. After the cessation of hostilities in 1946 Transjordan achieved its independence, and Abdullah was proclaimed King, at the same time entering into alliance with Britain. King Abdullah's assassination followed only a few days after that of Riad Bey es Solh, the former Prime Minister of the Lebanon, who was killed at Amman after a visit to the Jordanian capital as King Abdullah's guest.



THE FORMER CROWN PRINCE WILHELM, ONCE HEIR TO THE GERMAN EMPIRE, WHO DIED ON JULY 19 AT HIS VILLA AT HECHINGEN, GERMANY, AFTER A LONG ILLNESS: The former Crown Prince was sixty-nine years of age, and from his thirty-sixth year, when the German Empire collapsed in ruins, he led a life of little opportunity. The Crown Prince was born at the Marble Palace in Potsdam on May 6, 1882, the eldest child of Prince William of Prussia (subsequently the Emperor William II) and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. He was a great-grandson of Queen Victoria. He grew up speaking fluent English, owing to the predominance of his English governesses. As a young man the Crown Prince enjoyed much popularity, having none of the customary Prussian stiffness in social intercourse. He spent his youth in the Prussian cavalry. During the First World War it is said that he was a thoughtful and occasionally far-seeing Army commander, and tried in vain to stop the useless and sanguinary attacks round Verdun in 1916. After the war the Crown Prince followed his father's example and fled to Holland. He returned to live in Germany in 1923.

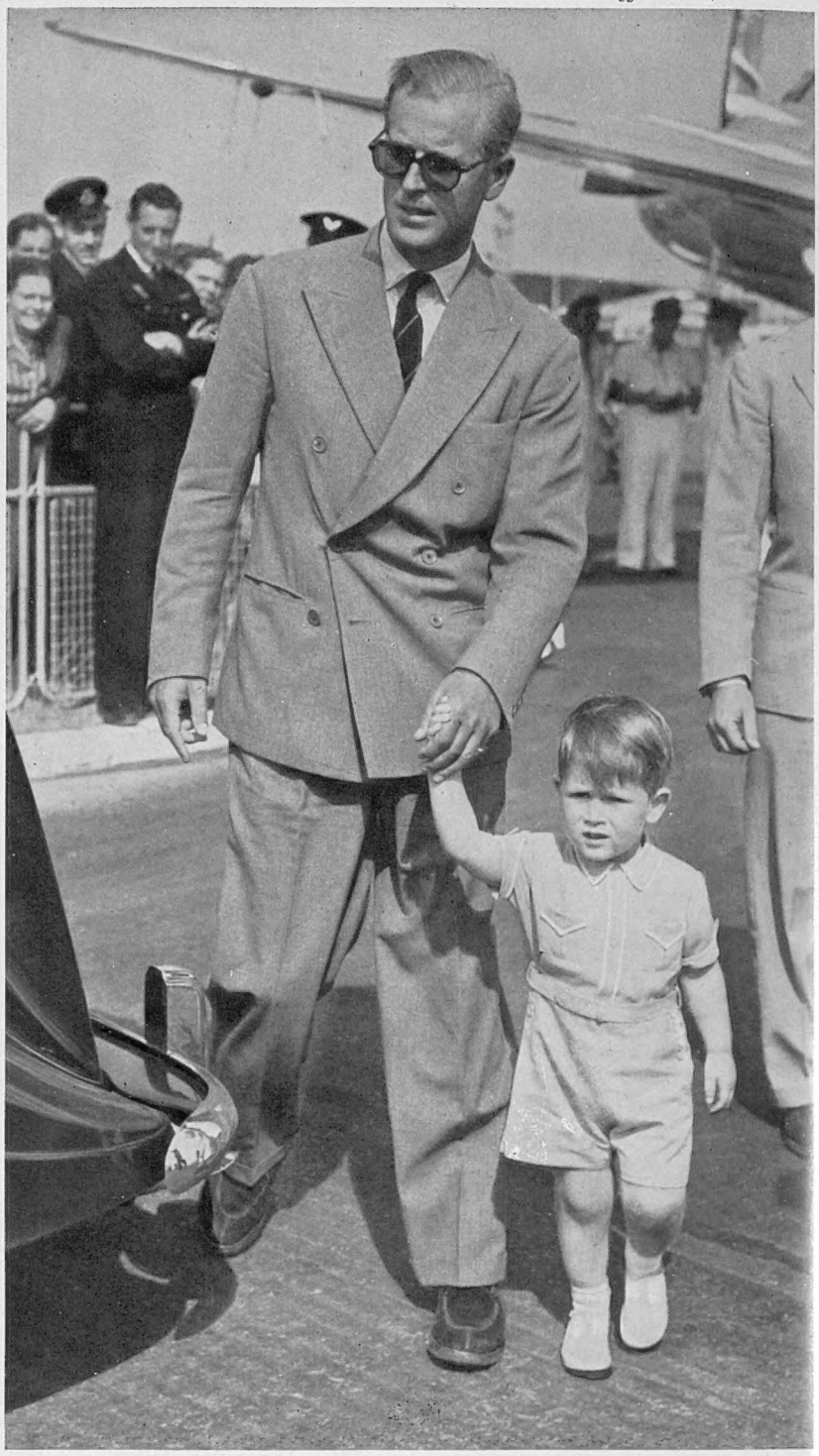
THE LATE KING ABDULLAH ON A VISIT TO ENGLAND IN 1949: The King leaving H.M.S. *Victory* at Portsmouth after a tour of the famous flagship. He is followed by his son Prince Naif, who, following the news of the assassination, was appointed Regent of the Jordan. Prince Naif, who is thirty-six years old, is the younger son of King Abdullah. The elder son, Prince Talal, aged forty-two, is at present in Beirut undergoing treatment for a nervous breakdown.

THE RETURN OF PRINCE PHILIP

And Other Royal Occasions

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT PORTSMOUTH: At the Connaught Drill Hall, Portsmouth, Princess Elizabeth unveils a memorial to members of the 383rd Light Regiment, R.A., who lost their lives in the South African War and the two World Wars. Her Royal Highness was visiting Portsmouth to open the new Nuffield United Services Officers' Club and to reopen the Connaught Drill Hall, which was badly damaged by enemy air attack in 1941. All ships in Portsmouth Harbour were dressed for the occasion and a royal salute was fired as the Princess arrived.

CARDIFF WELCOMES THE QUEEN: Her Majesty inspects the guard of honour of the British Legion during her six-hour visit to the Welsh city. In brilliant sunshine, more than 40,000 schoolchildren, who had been granted a special holiday for the visit, and many thousands of adults gave the Queen an enthusiastic welcome. Cardiff's Norman castle, its public buildings and streets were decorated with flags. The Queen visited the National Museum of Wales, where she recognised a pair of sideboards which were formerly at 20, St. James's Square, at one time her father's town house. At a luncheon given by the Lord Mayor at the City Hall, the Queen expressed the King's keen regret that he could not be there and his hope of paying a visit before long to "this dear country of Wales."



PRINCE CHARLES WELCOMES HOME HIS ROYAL FATHER: Walking to his car at London Airport, the Duke of Edinburgh clasps the hand of his small son, Prince Charles. The Duke, attended by Lieutenant Michael Parker, R.N., had just arrived from Malta, where, before leaving, he had told officers of his former command, the frigate H.M.S. *Magpie*, "I will be in time to have tea with the kids and might even get to to-day's Festival of Britain race." The Duke, who had Prince Charles on his knee in the plane—a Viking—before he disembarked, brought a huge box of mimosa for Princess Elizabeth.

APPLAUSE AND SMILES OF ADMIRATION FROM THE CHILDREN GREET THE PRINCESS: Princess Elizabeth, escorted by Lord de Ramsey, during her surprise visit to the Peterborough Agricultural Show. The Princess, who was accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, with whom she had been staying at Barnwell Manor, near Peterborough, spent an hour before luncheon watching the judging at the Peterborough Foxhound Show. A notable occasion among other events at the Peterborough shows was the winning of the Champion of England Gold Cup by the seven-year-old chestnut gelding Mighty Atom.

A NEW BRITISH AIRSHIP

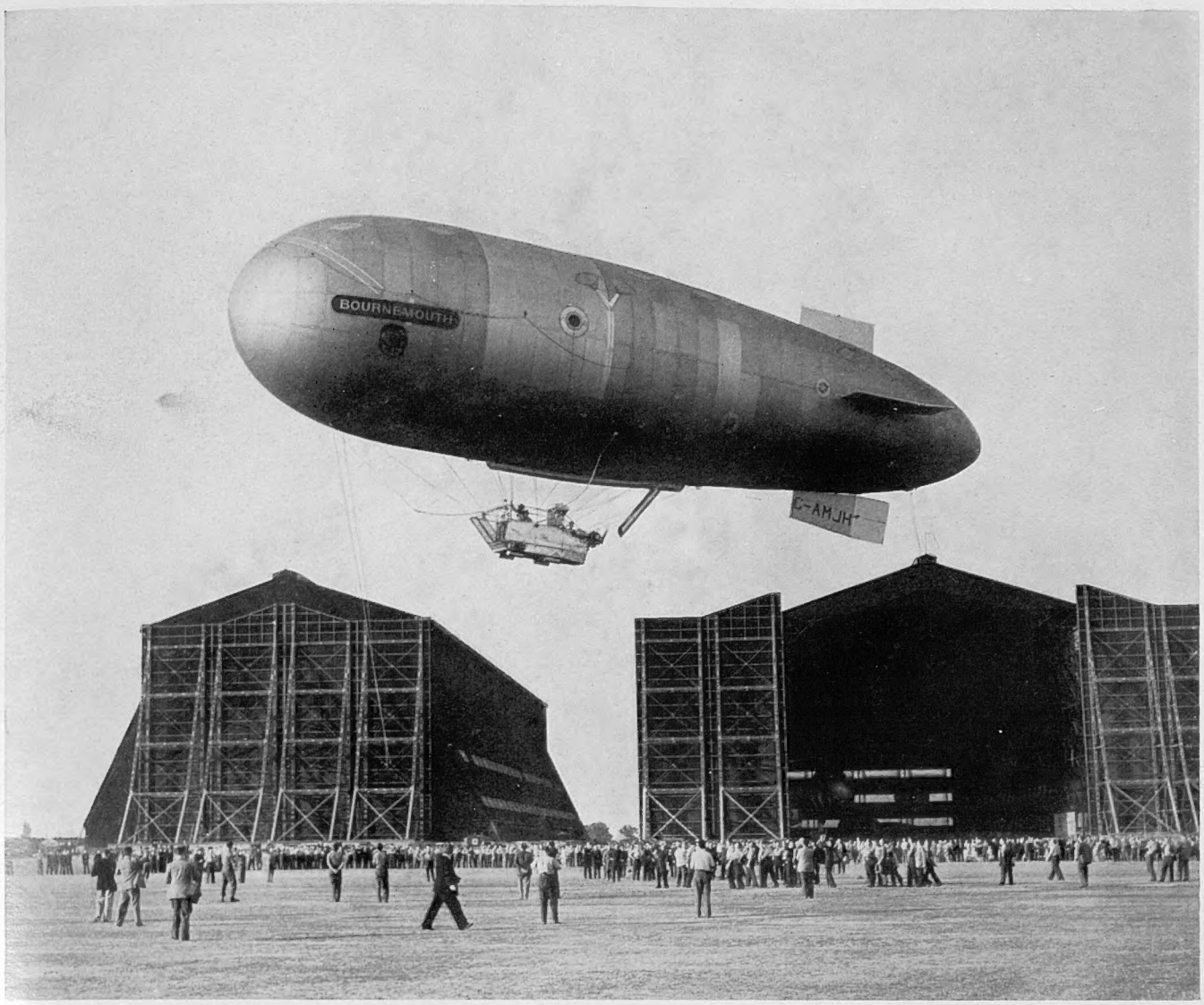
The First to be Built in Britain Since the Disaster of the R 101

At the R.A.F. balloon centre in Cardington, Bedfordshire, the *Bournemouth*, first airship to be built in Britain since the *R* 101 disaster in 1930, made its maiden flight last week. It was airborne for nearly twenty minutes with a crew of four, which included a survivor from the *R* 101.

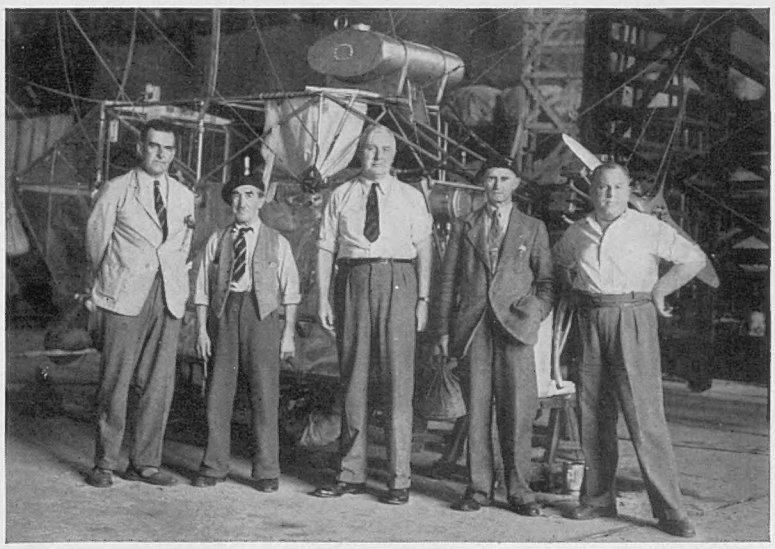
Crowds cheered as the *Bournemouth*, looking like a fat grey cigar, was gently pulled from one of the two great hangars which had housed such airships as the *R* 100 and the *R* 101. It circled over the airfield in the rays of the setting sun, presenting a graceful and leisurely sight. Lord Ventry, who founded the Airship Club responsible for building the airship, was too heavy to join the crew

The flight appeared smooth and uneventful, but the crew reported on landing that the dirigible was stern-heavy and difficult to get down. It is stated that this defect will demand modifications and keep the airship grounded for a few days.

The *Bournemouth* was started in 1949 and will take part in Bournemouth's Festival of Britain celebrations. Its envelope is 108 ft. long, with a maximum diameter of 27·3 ft. and a capacity of 45,000 cub. ft The car has a steel-tube frame and is covered with alloy sheet, except for the transparent nose. The engine, a 76-h.p. British Salmson driving a four-bladed airscrew, is at the rear of the car.

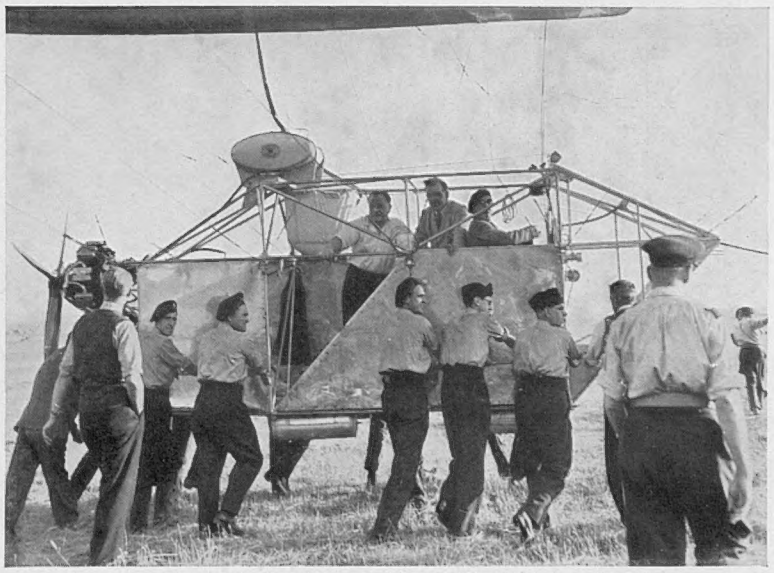


THE MAIDEN FLIGHT OF THE AIRSHIP "BOURNEMOUTH": Taking to the air for the first time, the new non-rigid airship *Bournemouth* rises above the giant hangars at an R.A.F. balloon centre at Cardington, where it was assembled. It was built by members of the Airship Club, founded by Lord Ventry, with the financial aid of the Bournemouth Corporation and the Air League of the British Empire, and is to take part in the Bournemouth Festival of Britain celebrations.



LORD VENTRY WITH MEMBERS OF THE CREW: Mr. Arthur Bell (extreme right), who survived the *R 101* crash in 1930, was one of the crew of four who took the *Bournemouth* on her maiden flight. Lord Ventry (centre) is chairman of the Airship Club which built the new dirigible. Captain J. A. Beckford-Ball, who piloted the craft, is on the extreme left. He was pilot twenty-one years ago of the *AD 1*, the last British non-rigid airship to be built. The airship's engine and car were assembled at Hurn Airport and transported later to Cardington, Beds.

SOARING ABOVE THE QUIET ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE, THE NEW AIRSHIP FLIES FOR THE FIRST TIME: The dirigible, powered by a 76-h.p. engine, can cruise at a speed of from 35 to 40 m.p.h. and at an altitude of 1,000 ft. Crowds on the airfield and on the nearby main road watched Captain J. A. Beckford-Ball pilot the airship on its first ascent.



R.A.F. VOLUNTEERS HELP TO GET THE "BOURNEMOUTH" AIRBORNE: Personnel of the R.A.F. voluntarily gave up their own time to help in the assembly of the new airship at Cardington. On the ship's nose appeared the name of *Bournemouth*, its patron town, together with the town's arms.

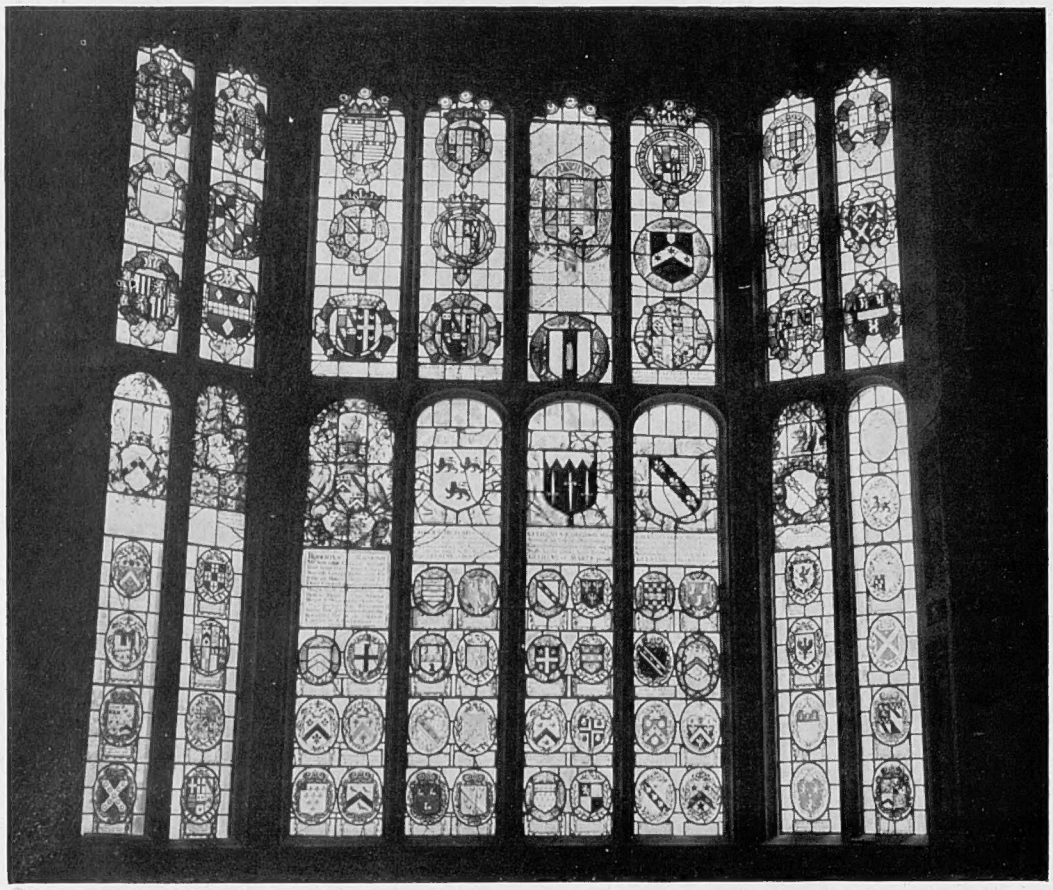
THE MAGNIFICENTLY-CARVED GALLERY IN GRAY'S INN HALL AS IT NOW APPEARS AFTER RESTORATION: The dark wood belongs to the original screen, and the light wood represents new carving. When finally completed the new and old will skilfully blend in tone. The restorers of Gray's Inn have had the advantage of detailed drawings to aid them in their work, drawings which were prepared during the 1914-18 war. The Duke of Gloucester will open the hall in December.

NEW AND OLD ARE SKILFULLY BLENDED IN

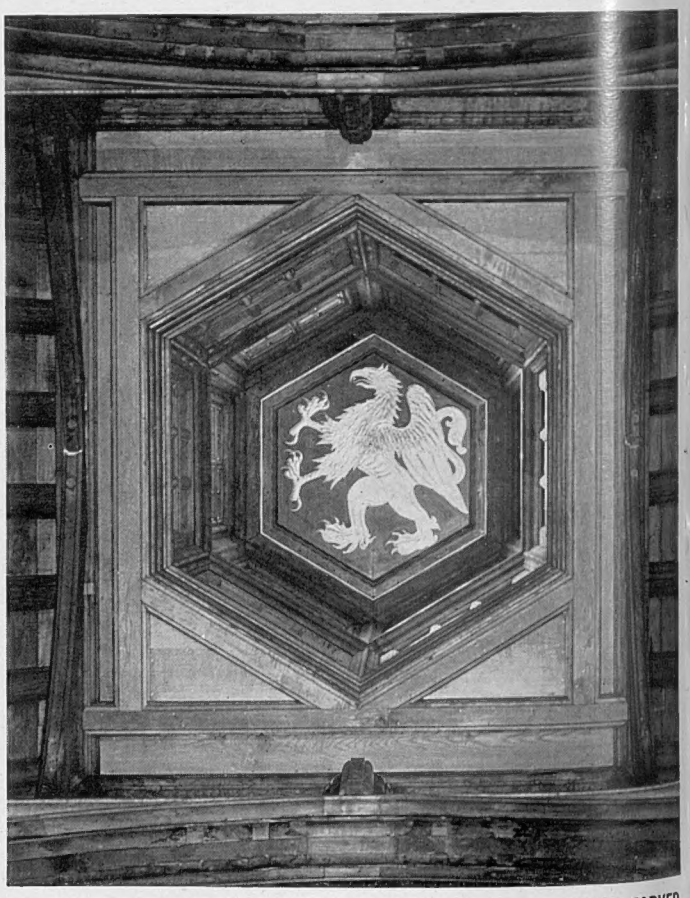
THE RESTORED HALL OF GRAY'S INN

The Great Task of Rebuilding After the Blitz Now Nears Completion

Gray's Inn, once the grandest of the four Inns of Court, the legal university of England, narrowly escaped severe damage in the First World War, and in the Second World War the Great Hall was almost destroyed during German attacks on London in 1940 and 1944. The library, with much of its contents, suffered the same fate. The restoration of the Great Hall follows close on the restoration of the Middle Temple, another tragic sufferer in the blitz. Gray's Inn, which stands on the north side of Holborn, derives its name from the family of Gray of Wilton, whose residence it was originally. The original Great Hall was begun in the reign of Queen Mary, and finished in the reign of Elizabeth, the total cost being £863 10s. 8d. The oak hammer-beam roof, with its six bays, has always been the chief glory of the hall, while the handsome screen, supported by six pillars of the Tuscan order, is hardly less remarkable. There is a tradition in Gray's Inn that the bench tables in the hall were the gift of Queen Elizabeth, and that the Queen once honoured the Society by dining there. In consequence, on every Grand Day the glorious pious and immortal memory is drunk with due formality. Three benchers rise to drink the toast. When they sit down three others rise, and in this fashion the toast passes down the Bar Table to the Students' Table.



THE MAGNIFICENT STAINED-GLASS WINDOW OF GRAY'S INN HALL—GLOWING IN MULTI-COLOURS WITH ITS MANY COATS-OF-ARMS—IS NOW REPLACED IN THE NORTH ORIEL BAY: The window was stored for safety shortly after the outbreak of the Second World War, and now returns to the building quite unimpaired. There is a new oriel window in the south wall of Gray's Inn. This is a gift from the American Bar Association and bears the United States coat-of-arms in the centre.



THE LANTERN IN THE HAMMER-BEAM ROOF, WITH THE NEWLY-CARVED EMBLEM OF THE GOLDEN GRIFFIN ADORNING THE CENTRE: The cognisance of the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn is the griffin, which was engraved in a work by Edmund Bunny, the Sceptre of Judah, published in 1584 and inscribed Gryphus Graiensis.

LOOKING ALONG THE LENGTH OF GRAY'S INN HALL, A VIEW SHOWING THE MAGNIFICENT HAMMER-BEAM ROOF RESTORED WITH TIMBER FROM OAK TREES MORE THAN 200 YEARS OLD AND SEASONED FOR TWELVE YEARS: Rising from the floor is the partly-restored screen with its new and old woodwork. Middle Temple Hall has a rather similar screen, which has also been restored following war damage. The new hammer-beam roof is an exact copy of the old Elizabethan roof. The main rafters of the new roof are 31 ft. long. For centuries the hall has been the pride of Gray's Inn. In it benchers and students held their masques and revels, and in it, too, Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* was enacted in 1594. Since the war a temporary building has done duty both for the destroyed hall and library of Gray's Inn.

RIOTING AT TEHERAN

Police Clash with Communists Protesting Against the Arrival of Mr. Harriman

TEAR-GAS BOMBS DISPERSE THE RIOTERS : Police and civilians were killed when members of the Persian Tudeh (Communist) Party fought a pitched battle with Nationalists during a Communist demonstration against the arrival in Teheran of the U.S. envoy, Mr. Harriman. Police tried to break up the scrimmage. Tear-gas was used and shots were fired into the air in an effort to disperse the crowd.

THE SEQUEL TO FANATICISM : Persian "bobbies," with batons at the ready, round up rioters in Teheran. Later, troops, tanks and armoured cars were brought into the city.

COMMUNIST TROUBLE-MAKERS TRY TO ESCAPE : Many police and civilians were killed or injured, and scores of arrests were made. But anti-British and anti-American fanaticism goes on.

POLICE STRUGGLE WITH RIOTERS IN THE PERSIAN CAPITAL : Lead by a party of girls, members of th Communist Tudeh Party marched down the main street of Teheran to protest against the arriva of Mr. Harriman, President Truman's foreign affairs adviser, who was visiting Persia in a attempt to mediate in the oil dispute. Groups of Nationalists attacked the demonstrator when they reached Parliament Square, and in the ensuing battle police used tear-gas and fire into the air. Earlier in the day 200 members of the fanatical religious group Fedayan Islam demonstrate outside the Ministry of Justice, led by bearded mullahs. Some of the demonstrators—who are demandin the release of General Razmara's assassin and a dozen other terrorists—succeeded in getting inside th building, where some judges are alleged to have shown signs of considerable alarm on hearing the mob

THE MARCH AGAINST WESTERN "EXPLOITATION" : Carrying a banner showing the Persian worker destroying the monster of Western imperialism, these Communist youths are taking part in anti-British demonstrations in Teheran, where the oil dispute seemed to have reached a stalemate.

PERSONALITIES in the PERSIAN IMBROGLIO

Some of the Men Who Have Been Bearing the Brunt of Affairs in Teheran and Abadan

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S SPECIAL ENVOY MEETS THE SHAH'S BROTHER: Mr. Averell Harriman (second from left) with Prince Ali Reza (centre), Mrs. Harriman (left) and U.S. Ambassador O'Grady and Mrs. O'Grady. The meeting was primarily of a social character and took place on the third day of Mr. Harriman's mission to Teheran in search of a way to a settlement.

THIS TIME NO HINT OF HOSTILITY! Sir Francis Shepherd, the British Ambassador, and Mr. Harriman seen during a meeting in Teheran. Sir Francis had only a day or two previously withdrawn his remark that "there is not much point in the Presidential adviser coming to Teheran."

STANDING FIRM IN ABADAN: Mr. K. B. Ross (left), general manager of the Abadan refinery, and Mr. Alec Mason, Anglo-Iranian's temporary manager.

POLITICIANS TO THE FORE: Dr. Baghai (left), head of the Toilers' Party, and M. Makki, fiery leader of the National Front. Though both men support Dr. Mossadeq, there is no love lost between them, for each is a potential successor to the Premier.

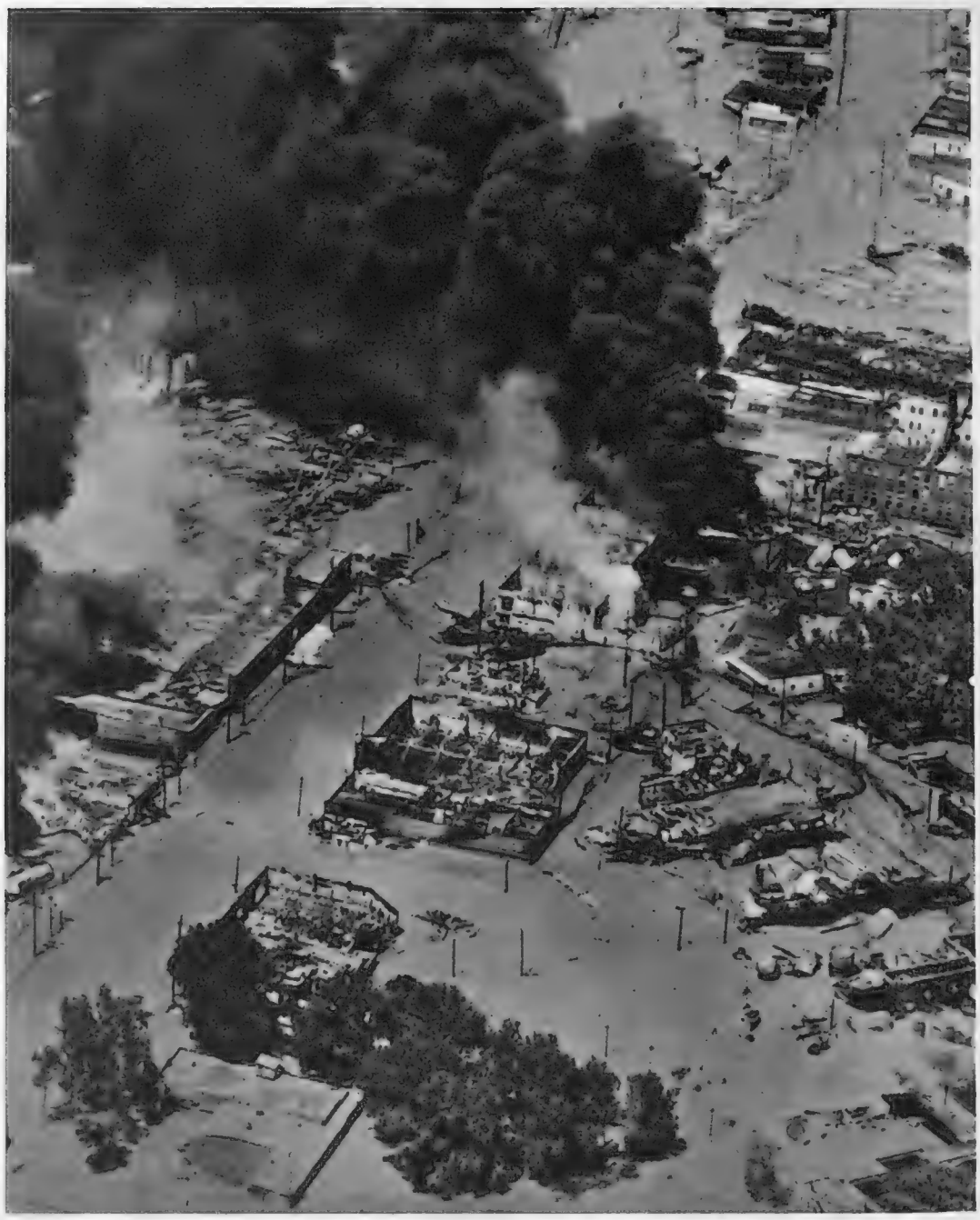
BRITISH OILMEN AND JOURNALISTS GROUP THEMSELVES ROUND THE RADIO IN THE RIVERSIDE GUEST HOUSE AT ABADAN: They were gathering to hear the latest news of the oil crisis. Many of the oilmen have already left for home.

MR. SEDDON, ANGLO-IRANIAN'S CHIEF REPRESENTATIVE IN ABADAN: Last week a move was made to expel him from Persia.

As production in most of the Persian oilfields came almost to a standstill, President Truman sent his special assistant on international affairs, **Mr. Averell W. Harriman,** to Teheran to consult with Premier Mossadeq and the British representatives. Mr. Harriman spent the first days meeting some of the leading personalities in the oil dispute. He also made certain social calls, visiting on one day **Mr. Kazemi,** the Foreign Minister, and **Prince Ali Reza,** the Shah's brother. His intention was obviously to familiarise himself with the whole complicated ground. One of Mr. Harriman's meetings was with **Sir Francis Shepherd,** the British envoy. The meeting was cordial enough, offering no hint of the embarrassments and misunderstandings following the first pronouncement by Sir Francis when he heard of Mr. Harriman's intended mission.

Two particularly important figures in the oil dispute from a technical point of view are **Mr. Alec Mason,** the Anglo-Iranian temporary manager in the South Persian oilfields, and **Mr. K. B. Ross,** the general manager of the Abadan refinery. After a discussion on July 9, they decided not to shut down the refinery completely, and said that production would be maintained at between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000 gallons a day, which is barely sufficient to meet essential needs in Persia. Both men have expressed themselves as much concerned with the volume of theft currently taking place at Abadan, saying that thieves have taken from the refinery quantities of mercury, copper and brass. Also in the news has been **Mr. Seddon,** Anglo-Iranian's chief executive in Persia, who on July 19 was made aware that the Persian Government wished to expel him from the country.

The most remarkable figure in the whole dispute in Persia is undoubtedly that of the ailing Premier. **Dr. Mossadeq,** apparently sure of support in the Persian Parliament, has proceeded, up to the time of writing, with neither a glance to the right nor to the left, and, in fact, in a spirit of stubborn determination. The visit of Mr. Harriman caused no modification of his plans, even out of respect to the visiting envoy.



THE FIRE AND FLOOD DISASTER IN KANSAS CITY: Fires raging in one of the flooded industrial districts of the great city which has been involved in a major disaster, in the first place through the breaking of the Missouri dykes, and in the second place through the fires started by petrol carried in large quantities on the surface of the floodwaters. Loss of life has been small, but tens of thousands of people have been rendered homeless and the damage to property and to crops is at the moment incalculable. President Truman, who has flown over the city, has designated Kansas and Missouri as disaster areas, and the House of Representatives has voted a Federal grant-in-aid of 15,000,000 dollars. On July 16 conditions in Kansas City were beginning to improve as the floodwaters began to subside, but fires were still raging and eight business blocks were lying in ruins. Eye-witnesses declared that the damage done by the floods appeared to be far in excess of that wrought by the Ohio and Mississippi floods in 1937. The agricultural losses are particularly severe, with 850,000 acres of fertile land under water in Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri. The President of an insurance company in Kansas City has stated that most of the losses will have to be met out of the pockets of the firms affected. American companies, with remarkably few exceptions, do not write flood insurance.

KING FAROUK OF EGYPT AND HIS BRIDE, QUEEN NARRIMAN, PAY A VISIT TO THE ISLAND OF TORCELLO IN THE VENETIAN LAGOON: The King and Queen and their entourage walking through a passage-way on the island. Torcello consists of a few small houses and two well-preserved churches. One of them, the Cathedral of Santa Maria, was founded in the seventh century. It is a basilica in the early Christian style. King Farouk's stay in Venice followed visits to the islands of Sicily and Capri.

FROM EUROPE, AMERICA AND THE FAR EAST

A SURVEY OF THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

BONDSMEN FOR FUGITIVES: Dashiell Hammett (left), writer of mystery stories and chairman of an organisation calling itself the Civil Rights Congress, and W. Alphæus Hunton, Secretary of the Council of African Affairs, handcuffed together as they entered a police van after being convicted of criminal contempt of court in a New York Federal Court. Federal Judge Sylvester Ryan found them guilty of refusing to name persons who contributed to the bail bond fund that provided bond for four Communist leaders who have since jumped bail. The judge sought this information to aid the search for the fugitives. Hammett's Civil Rights Congress and Hunton's Council of African Affairs have both been described as "part of the Communist subversive front." Hammett is well known as the author of *The Thin Man*. His stories are fast-moving and tough. He is often spoken of as the leader of the new school of American detective fiction.

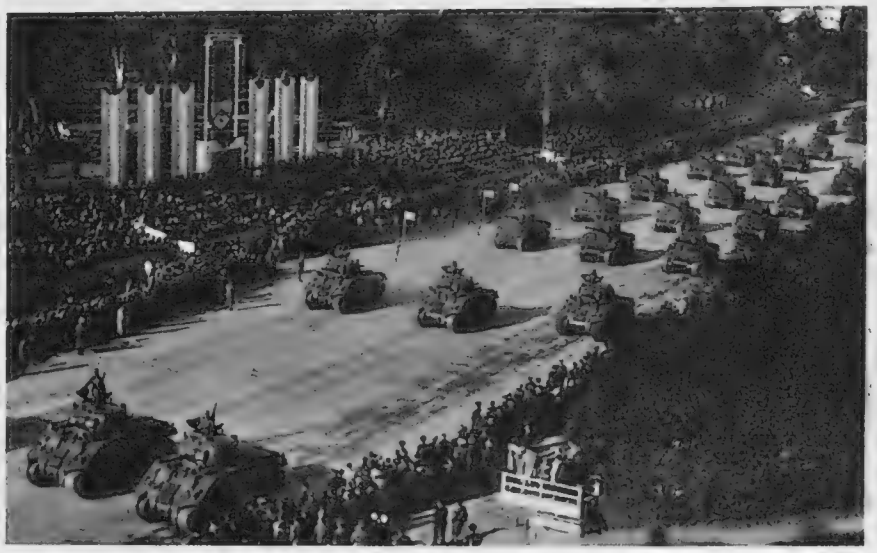
THE YAK 15 WHICH HAS BEEN APPEARING OVER THE KOREAN BATTLEFIELDS IN RECENT MONTHS: Alexsandir Yakolev's first jet fighter, one of the earliest Soviet jets, has been encountered by American fighters, and it seems probable that the Russians, in accordance with their invariable custom, have passed it on to their North Korean satellites. Yakolev has undoubtedly designed later jet fighters since the first appearance of this Yak 15 in 1946-47, but the initiative seems now to have passed to his fellow-designers Mikoyan and Gurevitch, as far as fighters are concerned. Their MIG 15, with a turbo-jet, has indeed no rival in Russia. Its maximum speed is said to be in excess of 640 m.p.h.

THE "NOVA ESPERO" SETS OUT ON THE LAST LEG OF THE VOYAGE FROM LONDON TO NEW YORK: The 20-ft. sloop, manned by Stanley Smith and Charles Violet, seen after leaving Horta, in the Azores. The port captain gave the sloop a five-mile tow from Horta in order to enable the *Nova Espero* to clear the lee shore of the island by nightfall. Smith and Violet rested for several days at Horta after completing the long voyage from the English coast. En route they lost a great deal of weight owing to lack of sleep, having encountered mountainous seas which demanded a ceaseless watch. This is Smith's second crossing of the Atlantic. On his former crossing, Smith was accompanied by his brother.

GOVERNOR DEWEY'S TOUR OF THE FAR EAST : The Governor of New York in conversation with Shigeru Yoshida, the Japanese Prime Minister, at the American-Japan Club in Tokyo, where a luncheon was given in Mr. Dewey's honour. On the right is Mr. William Sebald, the United States Ambassador to Japan. Mr. Dewey is making a 29,000-mile tour lasting six weeks and covering nine countries of the Far East, his intention being to make a first-hand survey of the problems of the Pacific nations. In a speech in Tokyo the Governor declared: "Through unity and a build-up of overwhelming strength the free world might look forward to the gradual exhaustion and disintegration of the Communist forces of slavery and aggression." One of the Governor's places of call has been Formosa, where he has met Madame and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

THE MEN OF ANATAHAN RETURN TO THEIR HOMELAND : These are some of the nineteen soldiers and sailors of the wartime Japanese Army and Navy who recently surrendered on the island of Anatahan, in the Marianas Group, having only just learnt that the Pacific War was over and that Japan had been defeated. After surrender the men were taken to Saipan in the U.S.S. *Cocopa* and then flown to Haneda Airport, Tokyo, in a transport of the Marine Corps. The men had steadfastly refused to surrender until letters from their families finally convinced them that the war was indeed over.

THE GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH HOLDS ITS THIRD POST-WAR CONGRESS : Part of the crowded Olympic Stadium, in the British sector of Berlin, during the closing ceremony of the Congress which was attended by some 150,000 people. Attended by clergy and laymen from all parts of the country, the Congress was the biggest meeting of East and West Germans in Berlin since the end of the war, and its deliberations, held in both parts of the divided city, have been fully reported in both the Communist and non-Communist Press. "We are still brothers," was the central theme, and there was, indeed, very little political quarrelling at the meetings. Criticism of the Russian Zone regime was moderate.



MODERN TANKS PARADE THE CAPITAL OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE'S PROBLEM STATE : Part of a great military parade held recently in Buenos Aires during celebrations of the 135th anniversary of Argentina's independence. Argentina—which under President Peron's dictatorship has in recent years followed her mother country, Spain, into a system of authoritarian control—first broke away from Spanish rule in 1810 and began her independence movement. After much fighting the formal declaration of independence was made by a congress of deputies at Tucuman in 1816.

EIRE'S NOMADS GATHER FOR THE HORSE-FAIR : Horse buyers from all over Ireland attended the recent two-day horse-fair held at Cahirmee, Co. Cork. *On left*—A road at Cahirmee lined with the horse-drawn caravans of travelling tinkers whose owners, experts in spotting the best among horses, are on the look-out for bargains. *On right*—Horses up for sale fill the street as potential buyers make an inspection. With horses far out-numbering motor-cars, the scene is reminiscent of yesteryear.

KOREA: THE TALKS CONTINUE

After the Incident on the Kaesong Road, where the Communists Halted U.N. Press Representatives

RENDEZVOUS FOR PEACE IN NORTH AND SOUTH KOREA—THE SCENE OF THE PRELIMINARY ARMISTICE CONFERENCE AT KAESONG AND A PROTEST MEETING IN SEOUL: *Left*—A view of the house, one of Kaesong's few remaining mansions, where arrangements were made for the armistice conference between the United Nations and the Communists. *Right*—Citizens of Seoul, South Korean capital, disperse after attending a meeting at Duksco Palace in protest against the Kaesong Conference. The people of Seoul say they want a unified Korea; the Chinese Communists to leave Korea, and North Korean forces to disarm. Meanwhile, General Nam Il, one of the Communist delegates to the Kaesong Conference, had been reported as saying that he had laid down three conditions for a peaceful settlement. They were: (1) that all opposing land, air and naval forces should cease hostilities; (2) troops of both sides to be withdrawn 10 kilometres (6·21 miles) from the 38th Parallel, and (3) the evacuation of all foreign forces from Korea. Rear-Admiral Burke, one of the Allied negotiators, said that the United Nations Mission would not discuss the withdrawal of "foreign troops" from Korea during the negotiations.

A HUDDLE ON THE KAESONG ROAD—THE COMMUNISTS REFUSE TO ALLOW TWENTY NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS TO ENTER THE "PEACE CAMP" AND THE UNITED NATIONS DELEGATES BREAK OFF THE NEGOTIATIONS: *Left*—U.N. correspondents converse with the Communist guards on the Kaesong Road after their convoy was refused entry to the town. *Right*—Captain George W. Campbell, U.S. Navy, talks with the Chinese Communist guards after the convoy had been stopped. Through this interference the talks in Kaesong were broken off and not resumed until the Communists had removed all armed guards from the Kaesong area. Even before this incident it was known that armed Communist guards had surrounded the emissaries' helicopters and the house in which they had held their talks. This, coupled with the fact that the Communist delegates conducted themselves as though they were hosts at the conference, aroused resentment in some circles.

THE PRESS PARTY WAIT ON THE KAESONG ROAD: Although the Communists were firm in their refusal to let the correspondents proceed into Kaesong, they were at all times courteous during their discussions with the officers of the escorting unit.

THE COMMUNIST DELEGATES TO THE ARMISTICE CONFERENCE AT KAESONG: General Nam Il of the North Korean Army—the top Communist negotiator—is followed by other members of the delegation as he strides through a Kaesong courtyard on his way to the conference building during the negotiations.

BRUSSELS ACCLAIMS BAUDOUIN I, THE FIFTH KING OF THE BELGIANS

THE 20-YEAR-OLD SON OF KING LEOPOLD III IS EUROPE'S YOUNGEST MONARCH

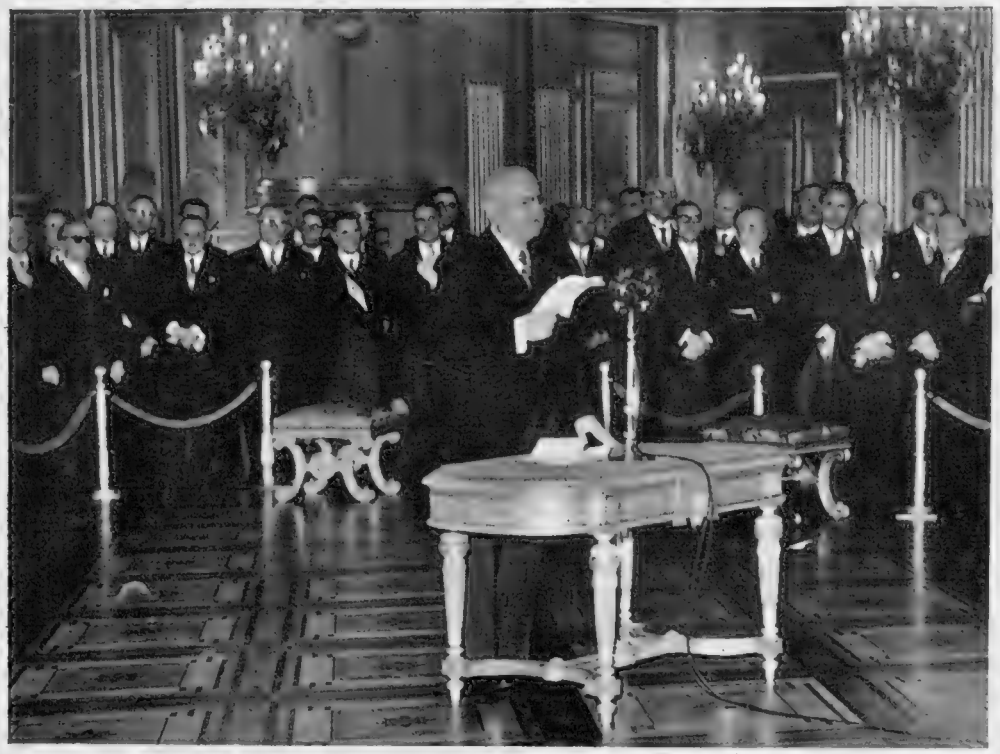
THE PRINCE ROYAL DRIVES IN AN OPEN CAR TO THE JOINT SESSION OF BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, THERE TO TAKE THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO OBSERVE THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS OF THE BELGIAN PEOPLE : With the completion of this ceremony the Prince Royal assumed the title of Baudouin I, fifth King of the Belgians, beginning his reign on the day after his father's abdication.

After exercising the Royal prerogative for ten months, Belgium's Prince Royal formally succeeded his father, King Leopold III, at a ceremony in the Belgian Parliament on July 17. Thus was brought to an end the drama and the tragedy of the reign of King Leopold III, the monarch who succeeded his father, King Albert, took to himself a wife whom all Belgians took to their hearts, and endured in turn the poignancy of personal loss and, in the blitz of 1940, the bitterness of national misfortune. King Leopold's abdication on the day before King Baudouin's accession was a day of sadness and restraint in Brussels. King Baudouin's assumption of the throne gave the signal for rejoicing. In taking the oath, King Baudouin stressed the need for national unity, and in his speech from the throne he dedicated himself to the service of the nation. He concluded by saying that his father had ended his reign by a great and self-denying gesture that had won the admiration of the country. He thanked the people of Belgium for their whole-hearted tribute to his father's action.

ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS GATHER OUTSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE AT LAEKEN : They came to cheer King Baudouin after his accession, summoning him to the Palace balcony with round upon round of full-throated cheers. Many members of the crowd carried supplements from the papers bearing portraits of the new King.

IN FLEMISH AND FRENCH, THE TWO NATIONAL LANGUAGES, KING BAUDOUIN TOOK THE OATH AND DELIVERED HIS SPEECH FROM THE THRONE : The young King seen in front of the red-and-gold throne at the moment of his accession. No members of his family accompanied him. Assembled before him were the members of both Houses of Parliament, the only absentees being the eighteen Communist delegates who are calling for a Republic. In the centre of the canopy behind the throne glittered the King's monogram, an ornate "B," surrounded by laurels.

LAYING A WREATH ON THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR IN BRUSSELS : King Baudouin carrying out his first official act after the accession ceremony before Parliament. He then drove to the Royal Palace at Laeken, receiving a tumultuous ovation from the crowds lining the route. Peals of church bells and the roar of gunfire signalled the new reign. In contrast to the restraint and sadness of abdication day, the capital put out its flags.



THE BELGIAN PRIME MINISTER, M. PHOLIEN, AT THE ABDICATION CEREMONY IN THE THRONE ROOM AT LAEKEN : After the inauguration of the new reign, M. Pholien again went to the Royal Palace and, in accordance with custom on such occasions, handed in his resignation. On the following day King Baudouin announced that he would like the present Government to continue in office.

BUILDING A TOWNSHIP AMID PORT TALBOT'S DUNELANDS

CREATING HOMES FOR THE WORKERS IN THE BIG NEW STEEL PLANTS ON THE COAST OF SOUTH WALES

TWO PARTLY-FINISHED CORNISH-TYPE PREFABRICATED HOUSES RISING ON THE SAND DUNES NEAR PORT TALBOT, GLAMORGANSHIRE: The houses form part of the new town for steel workers which is rising amid reclaimed land in Swansea Bay. The houses are to accommodate workers in the giant expansion project which is now being undertaken by the Steel Company of Wales.

LEVELLING THE SAND DUNES ON SWANSEA BAY: A fleet of eighteen earth-movers has been constantly in action for nearly nine months levelling 180 acres and removing 1,700,000 cub. yards of sand to make way for the new town at Port Talbot, to house the steel workers of the Steel Company of Wales. This reclamation had to be carried out as there was not one suitable acre of flat land for building on the coastal strip east of Swansea.

ONCE THIS WAS AN AREA OF SWIFTLY-CHANGING DUNES, NOW IT IS LEVELLED AND THE ROADS AND HOUSES OF A HANDSOME NEW TOWN ARE RISING ON THE SITE: In the foreground is one of the massive machines which has carried out the levelling process. The earth-movers can carry about 20 tons at a time.

TWO ROWS OF NEW HOUSES COMPLETED FOR THE WORKERS AT THE MARGAM PLANT OF THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES: So far 340 of this Cornish-type of prefabricated house have been completed. Construction is on the concrete-slab principle, each slab fitting into an appointed groove. The upper storeys are of wood covered in tiles of varying shades. The Margam plant was opened last week by Mr. Gaitskell.

ONE SNAG WHICH CONFRONTED THE TOWN PLANNERS: When levelling the dunes they found these oil pipes near the surface of the sand. They had been put down during the war and no proper plan of their course was preserved. Now surveyors are following the course of the pipes and making arrangements for them to be buried deeper.

Along the coast of South Wales, between Swansea and Cardiff, where the mountains reach down to the sea, there is a narrow coastal strip which since the days of the industrial revolution has been built over increasingly. Thus there came into being the sprawling towns of Briton Ferry and Port Talbot, with their rows of unsightly, often insanitary back-to-back houses, all standing in close proximity to the steel works and other heavy industrial plants of this area. Not even in the Welsh mining villages has there ever been evidence of less planning, of a more tragically haphazard development.

Now the face of South Wales is changing. Not only are new light industries being brought in, but heavy industry is being modernised. In the van of this heavy industrial enterprise is the Steel Company of Wales, which unites the interests of four of the most important steel companies in a project that will not be surpassed even by the vast American plants in Ohio and Pennsylvania, centred at such places as Youngstown and Pittsburgh. The four participants are Guest Keen and Baldwins, of Cardiff; Richard Thomas, of Ebbw Vale; the Llanelly Associated Tinplate Companies; and the firm of John Lysaght. First and foremost they have embarked on the development of the Port Talbot and Margam works, building a new continuous hot-strip mill of the latest type and a modern cold reduction mill at Trostre, near Llanelly. When Margam is in full-scale production if will provide 20,000 tons of urgently needed sheet steel every week.

To house the workers at Margam has proved something of a problem for the Port Talbot Borough authorities, and Mr. Gordon Griffiths, the borough engineer, has been forced to move mountains to make way for his new housing project; mountains of sand, in fact. Except amid the dunelands there was nowhere else near the steel works where he could build.

Making room for the new houses has meant moving no less than 1,700,000 cub. yards of sand and filling in a lake as a side issue.

In place of the rolling dunes and an almost deserted beach, there has grown up a new town of pleasing houses, curving roadways, an ultra-modern school, a social and shopping centre, clinics, "pubs," cinemas, churches, and other amenities.

When he first proposed his plan for a township on the sand dunes, Mr. Griffiths backed it up with the modest claim: "We know something about sand." Now that several million tons have been moved, Mr. Griffiths and his staff know a great deal more. The sands of Swansea Bay have long been a mighty problem, ever since the days, in fact, when the old town of Kenfig, a prosperous place in the twelfth century, was engulfed by the dunes. There will be no similar engulfment of the new steel town and the Margam works, however, for at some points vast artificial protective sand dunes have been built. Another great engineering feat has been the sinking of 25,000 piles beneath the Margam works site, so that heavy furnaces and mill machinery will not sink when finally installed. One way of shifting sand on the dunelands has been to mix it with water and pipe it to new positions: 400 tons an hour can be moved in this way. When the sand is laid the water drains away, leaving an even surface.

ON THE 23-MILE HIGHWAY LINKING CARACAS, THE CAPITAL OF VENEZUELA, WITH LA GUAIRA, A LEADING SEAPORT: Passing through rugged mountains of great beauty, this is one of the most thrilling motor runs on the South American continent. Caracas stands on the southern slopes of the coastal range, at an altitude of over 3,000 ft. Because of the varying altitudes Venezuela, which lies wholly in the tropics, is a land of climatic variation, from the torrid heat of the lowlands to the temperate airs of the hills and the icy blasts of the high passes. Caracas itself has an equable temperature varying only between 62 deg. and 80 deg. Fah.

THE AIRPORT OF CARACAS LIES ON A PLATEAU JUST ABOVE THE SEA, NEAR MAIQUETIA: Behind the runways tower the hills of the coastal range, which in places come down so precipitously towards the sea that the houses appear to have a very precarious hold. Trade winds from the Atlantic cool and refresh the Caribbean coastal strip at certain seasons.

VENEZUELA

A CARIBBEAN WONDERLAND

A "Sphere" Section Dealing with the Rich Oil and Mineral Producing Republic of South America

VENEZUELA is one of the bright spots on the world's business map. It has been praised as a Utopian land where anybody can make a fortune in no time. The truth is that Venezuela is a land of opportunity, endowed with great natural resources—oil, iron, copper, gold, diamonds and manganese—with vast extensions of rich soil suitable for any kind of crop and with a wide range of climates.

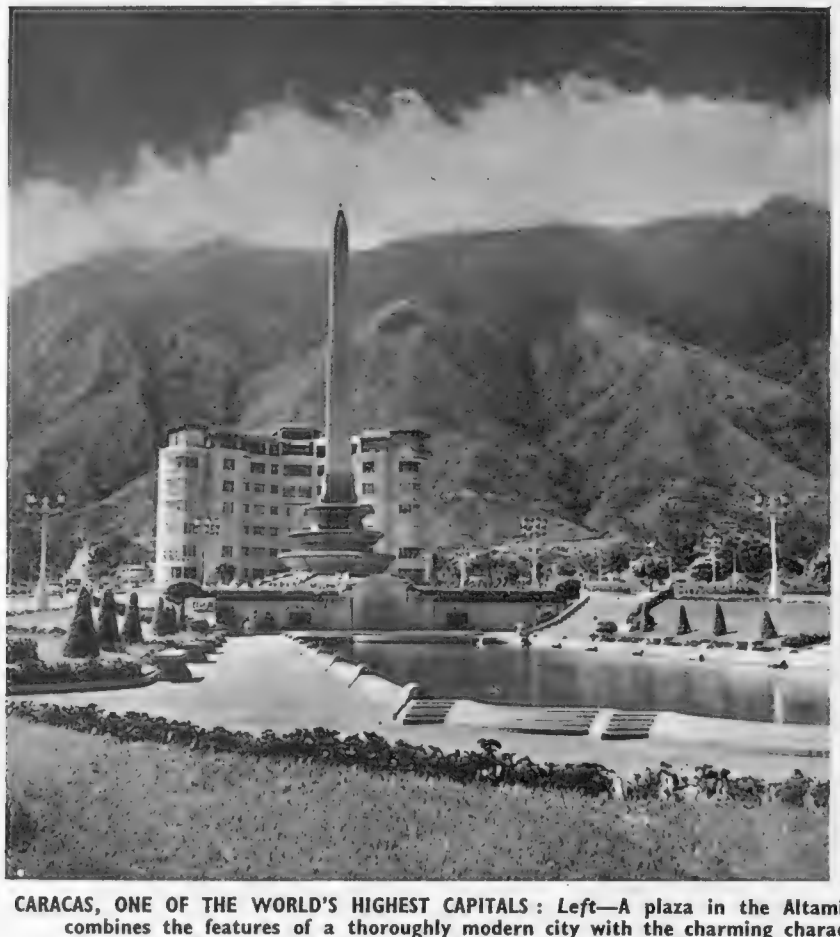
Some parts of the interior have not yet been fully explored; what lies in the soil is still unknown and offers a challenge to the bravest and hardiest of explorers. Nicol Smith, San Francisco explorer and lecturer, and Arthur Hall, of Santa Monica, California, recently penetrated far into the Venezuelan wilds and the fascinating story of their expedition to Angel Falls, the world's highest waterfall, rivals the adventures of Drake and Raleigh.

Angel Falls was discovered by air in 1935, and so far few white people have had the opportunity of seeing this fantastic cataract with a drop of 3,212 ft. (Niagara 167 ft., and Victoria Falls, in Africa, 400 ft.) Beyond Mayupa, from the dense jungles of the Gran Sabana region, rear *mesas* from a mile to nearly 10,000 ft. high. No one has ever thoroughly explored the top of Auyan-tepui, the largest of these *mesas*. The natives refer to Auyan-tepui as "Devil's Mountain." It is a wildly beautiful and fantastic place.

Far beneath the surface of the earth, deep in the interior and in the hot, humid regions along the coast, lies Venezuela's greatest treasure—the stores of oil which enrich Venezuela, one of the world's chief

(*Continued on page* 130)

BETWEEN THE ORINOCO AND THE AMAZON: The Auyan-tepui, or Devil's Mountain, a 300-sq.-mile mesa, rises more than half-a-mile above the Churun Canyon in Venezuela's Gran Sabana, a region of high jungle plains between the Orinoco and Amazon rivers. From one of these cliffs the Angel River spurts to form the highest waterfall in the world. This is the region which is supposed to have inspired Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's novel *The Lost World*.



ANGEL FALLS, THE HIGHEST WATERFALL IN THE WORLD: The falls plunge from the summit of Auyan-tepui, or the Devil's Mountain, in Venezuela's Gran Sabana. They were discovered in 1935 on an aerial reconnaissance. So far few people have had the opportunity of seeing this cataract with a drop of 3,212 ft.

VENEZUELA

A CARIBBEAN WONDERLAND

(*Continued from previous page*)

petroleum-producing nations. Her known reserves of oil, approximately 9 billion barrels, rank as the third greatest in existence.

The abundant oil deposits in Venezuela were tapped as recently as 1917, when commercial exploitation began. The petroleum industry grew rapidly and to-day Venezuela leads the Latin-American countries in the production of oil. More than 4 billion barrels have already been produced.

A few years after the rich deposits of oil around Lake Maracaibo were tapped, production was begun at fields in the Orinoco basin in Eastern Venezuela. Some other oil reserves have been discovered in the Apure basin, a little-explored area in the central western part of the country. The Government of Venezuela controls the industry through the 1943 Petroleum Law, which provides for the regulation of concessions, taxes, and refining operations.

Agriculture is another rapidly-expanding interest in Venezuela. Up to a few years ago agriculture did not appeal to the business man in Venezuela. Health conditions of the countryside left much to be desired and large capital investments were required to organise farm production. Thus the job of reviving agriculture became a national problem which only the Government could tackle. To-day responsible and enterprising men have the Government's support and aid. Engineers, agricultural experts, and doctors have joined in the drive. The effects of their influence are obvious: the heavy importation of foodstuffs has been reduced considerably, retail prices are down, and the small farmer has begun to feel the effects of a prosperity previously unknown in the country.

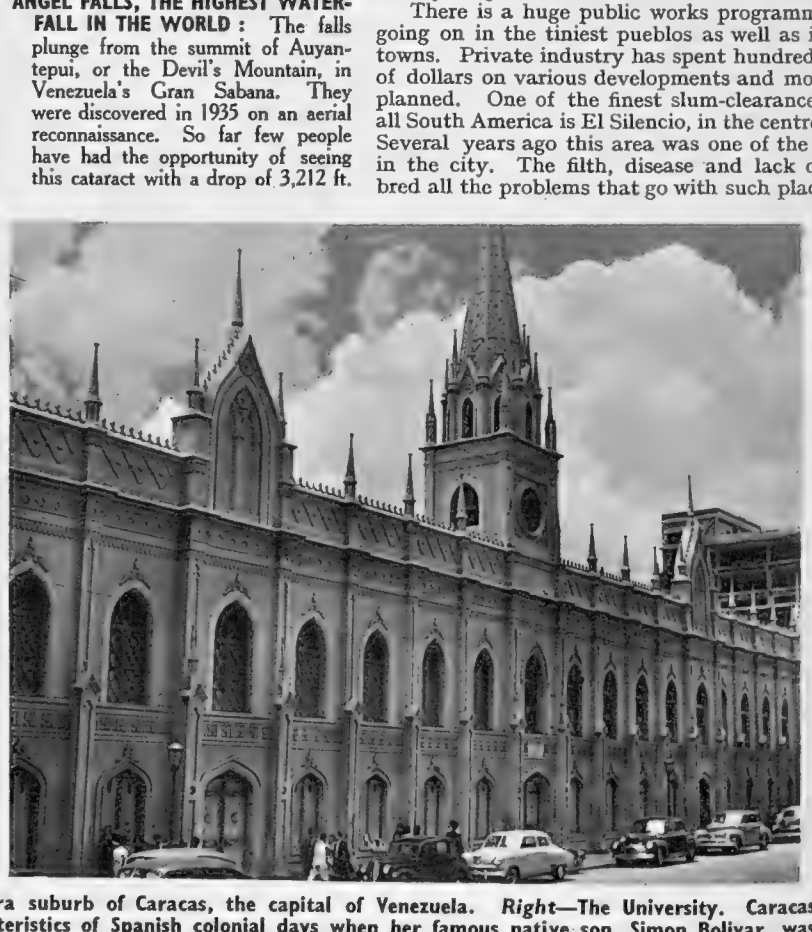
In order to develop the country more fully, Venezuela wants and needs more immigrants. Europe has provided more than 2,000 monthly. They receive grants of good farm-land as well as long-term, low-interest loans for machinery and equipment.

If agriculture is to develop adequately and Venezuela is to grow from strength to strength, her internal communication system has to be built up. With this object in mind, magnificent modern highways which will rival the finest in the world are being constructed.

The other and no less important aspect of Venezuela's internal communications system is the railroad rehabilitation programme which is already under way. Railway construction began in Venezuela after 1870. In those days Venezuela could not afford to construct them herself, and the then President, Antonio Guzmán Blanco, gave concessions to British and German interests for the construction of most of the railways. But with the advent of the motor-car and modern highways, railways took second place. To-day, however, it is obvious that highways alone cannot take care of the increasing load.

So as to develop her commerce more fully, Venezuela is busy reconstructing her ports. A great port is a matter involving geography, the weather and innumerable resources. Venezuela has realised this and has therefore entrusted technicians with the job of the replanning of her ports, of which the principal ones are La Guiara and Maracaibo. Planning and rebuilding them to the necessary requirements will cost approximately 12,500,000 dollars.

There is a huge public works programme, and it is going on in the tiniest pueblos as well as in the larger towns. Private industry has spent hundreds of millions of dollars on various developments and more are being planned. One of the finest slum-clearance projects in all South America is El Silencio, in the centre of Caracas. Several years ago this area was one of the worst slums in the city. The filth, disease and lack of sanitation bred all the problems that go with such places, but with



CARACAS, ONE OF THE WORLD'S HIGHEST CAPITALS: *Left*—A plaza in the Altamira suburb of Caracas, the capital of Venezuela. *Right*—The University. Caracas combines the features of a thoroughly modern city with the charming characteristics of Spanish colonial days when her famous native son, Simon Bolivar, was carrying on his work of liberating vast areas of South America from the yoke of Spain. Caracas lies in the tropics, standing at 3,136 ft. above sea-level.

THE MAIN ENT
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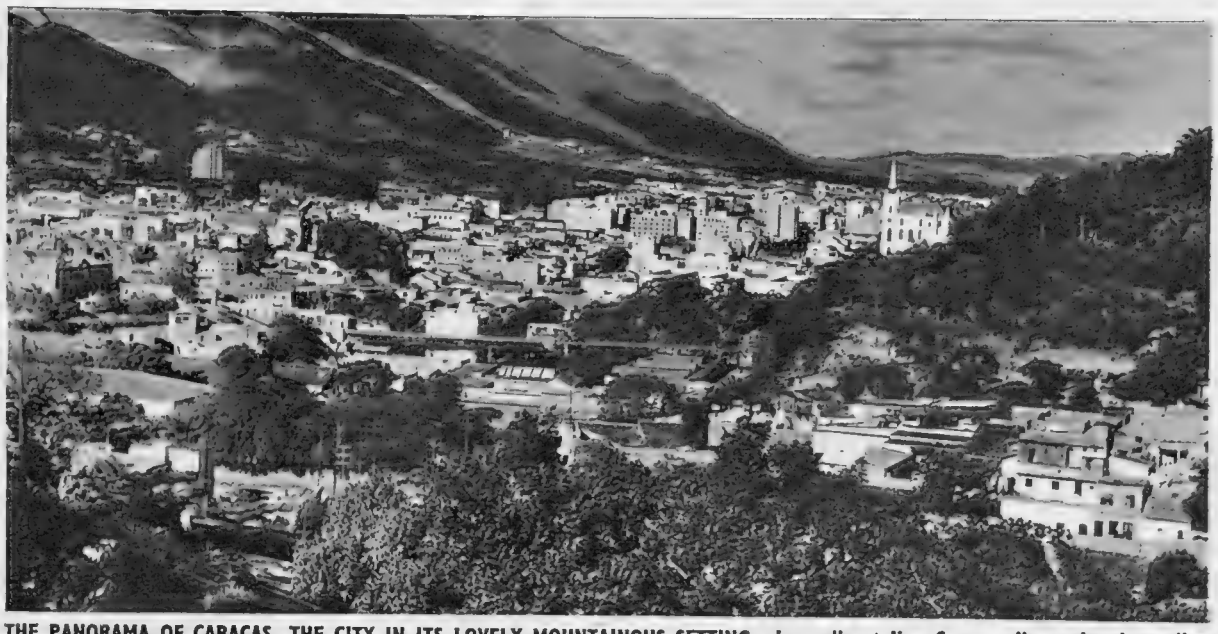
the clearing of old buildings, the widening of streets, the installation of sanitation, and the building of modern housing units, this has been turned into a show place.

There is another aspect of Venezuela which will appeal to the potential tourist, and that is the natural beauty of the country itself. The approach to La Guiara by sea is unforgettable. La Guiara looks as if it were plastered against the mountainside and kept from slipping into the harbour by a precarious toe-hold on the narrow coastal plain. Steep, narrow streets climb sharply up from the busy port to the pastel-tinted houses of the upper town. Along the water-front, to east and west, are sunny white beaches.

Caracas, the capital, is located on the southern slopes of the coastal range, at an altitude of over 3,000 ft. A Spanish air still clings to old Caracas, and its romantic past is easily evoked when walking its narrow streets, which cross at right-angles and open into frequent shaded squares. But old Caracas is fast vanishing; broad new avenues are changing the original pattern of the streets and modern buildings are replacing the old houses.

In Venezuela, orchids, in great profusion and variety, grow everywhere. Superstitions and legends have woven a net of mystery about them. Some people believe they are endowed with the sensitivity of a human soul. They say that orchids flourish where they are admired and die where they are not. Venezuela, endowed with fabulous riches and beauties, assuredly deserved her sixteenth-century name—El Dorado—the Golden Land. M.B.-F.



THE PANORAMA OF CARACAS, THE CITY IN ITS LOVELY MOUNTAINOUS SETTING: In a direct line Caracas lies only nine miles from the sea, but by road and rail, along tortuous spirals, the journey is one of twenty-three miles. Caracas has sometimes been called the most expensive city in the world. The population of the city is just under 385,000.

THE CENTRO MEDICO: The new hospital at Caracas, a building in the modern manner, with one of the city's surrounding hills rising sheer behind it. Like most other modern buildings in Caracas, it has been made earthquake proof.

ENTRANCE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF MARACAIBO: This is one of a host ...dern buildings in the great oil city which lies 400 miles to the west ...aracas. Maracaibo, with a population of 275,000, is in marked ...tic contrast to Caracas, the climate being extremely damp and hot.

PUMPING PLANT IN THE CASIGUA OILFIELD: To-day Venezuela leads the Latin-American countries in the production of oil, and more than four billion barrels have already been produced. Along the eastern shore of Lake Maracaibo a seemingly endless mass of oil derricks stretches for miles, and many more stand in the lake waters. In the prolific Bolivar coastal field over 5,000 wells have been drilled.

THE ABORIGINES AT SCHOOL

Through the Classroom to a Better Way of Life

Australia's aborigines—the original inhabitants of the great southern continent—are among the most primitive and backward people in the world. Until recent years they have been very much neglected, except by the few voluntary organisations who have sought to help them. But now the Australian Federal Government, alive to their responsibilities in the field of native welfare, are taking vigorous action to improve the conditions under which the aborigines—more like animals than human beings—have always lived.

The Federal Government is directly responsible for about 13,500 of Australia's 47,000 full-blooded aborigines. The rest come under the supervision of State Governments. At the last census about half the Northern Territory's 13,500 full-bloods lived in supervised camps. The rest worked or were semi-nomads. "Town" natives—that is, natives who work or live in or around Alice Springs and Darwin—live in native reserves. The Government provides them with food, clothing, medical attention and shelter free of charge. They can earn and spend their own money. They can come and go as they please, except that, at night, they are not allowed to wander about the streets of the town. However, if they show sufficient advancement to earn an exemption, they are no longer classed as natives and can live freely in the ordinary community with all the privileges and responsibilities of white men.

Station or mission natives live with their families near the station or mission homestead, and work as stockmen, domestics, etc., earning their keep. The Government supervises conditions, sets rates of pay and provides free medical and dental treatment.

A BUNGALOW TOWN FOR ABORIGINES IN CENTRAL AUSTRALIA: Originally a Government telegraph station, this area, near Alice Springs, is now set aside for natives who work in and around the town. Australia's Federal Government has launched an ambitious scheme for native education. More than 13,000 full-blood aborigines live in Federal territories.

"WHAT SHALL WE LEARN AT SCHOOL TO-DAY?": Children of the Arunta tribe of Australian aborigines leave their native camp for school where they are given an elementary education and taught how cleanliness can prevent sores and other diseases. Drawing, painting and modelling seem to come naturally to many Arunta children.

MUSIC FOR THE SOAP-BOX CINEMA: Australian natives love the cinema; at school these children draw "stories" on a strip of paper wound through the home-made "cinema" as their teacher supplies background music.

The aborigines are now being taught how to take their place in the white man's economic world which has engulfed their tribal way of life. That means primary schools, training centres and the co-operation of other sections of the community. Until recently efforts to educate full-blooded children were mostly voluntary and lacked organisation. Their general backwardness, lack of understanding and language difficulties prevented them holding their place in the ordinary schools. But the Federal Government has now stepped in. Last year, the Commonwealth Office of Education opened four primary schools for full-bloods in the Northern Territory. As trained staff becomes available, through a Sydney University training course, the Commonwealth Office of Education will establish new schools.

The fight is against not only native backwardness, but against tribal traditions and prejudices. Children, learning in their new primary schools how to live lives less hampered by disease and cruel tribal rites, naturally prefer the naked freedom of their old nomadic existence to the stern though gentle discipline they find at school. When Basil, an eight-year-old boy of the Arunta tribe, went with his family on a visit to relatives in another camp, he found no school there and decided on that account to stay. But mother brought him back:

"That fella Basil want to stay along Bond Creek," she told his teacher, Miss Joan Boxall. "But I bring him back along school. No good if that fella miss along school. Then he grow up bloody myall and go walkabout all the time."

But Basil isn't likely to become a myall or wild native. Most of the Arunta have been detribalised so long that they have lost their old ways of life. Before the white men came they had worked out through the centuries a successful adaptation to a harsh environment. But the only way they can live now is in association with the white man, and to do that they need to know the things that white men know, particularly reading, writing and arithmetic.

At Bagot, an aboriginal reserve near Darwin, most schoolboys want to be motor mechanics when they grow up. If they make use of their new school many of them stand a good chance of fulfilling their ambition. Mr. E. A. Tambling is the teacher in charge. He has lived and worked in the Northern Territory for many years and understands the natives.

Unfortunately, at this stage the Commonwealth Office of Education finds it impractical to make aboriginal education compulsory. For one thing, they haven't the schools and staff. For another, in a country of vast distances like the Northern Territory, it is impossible to keep tab of every wandering native. But children living or staying near a school attend regularly.

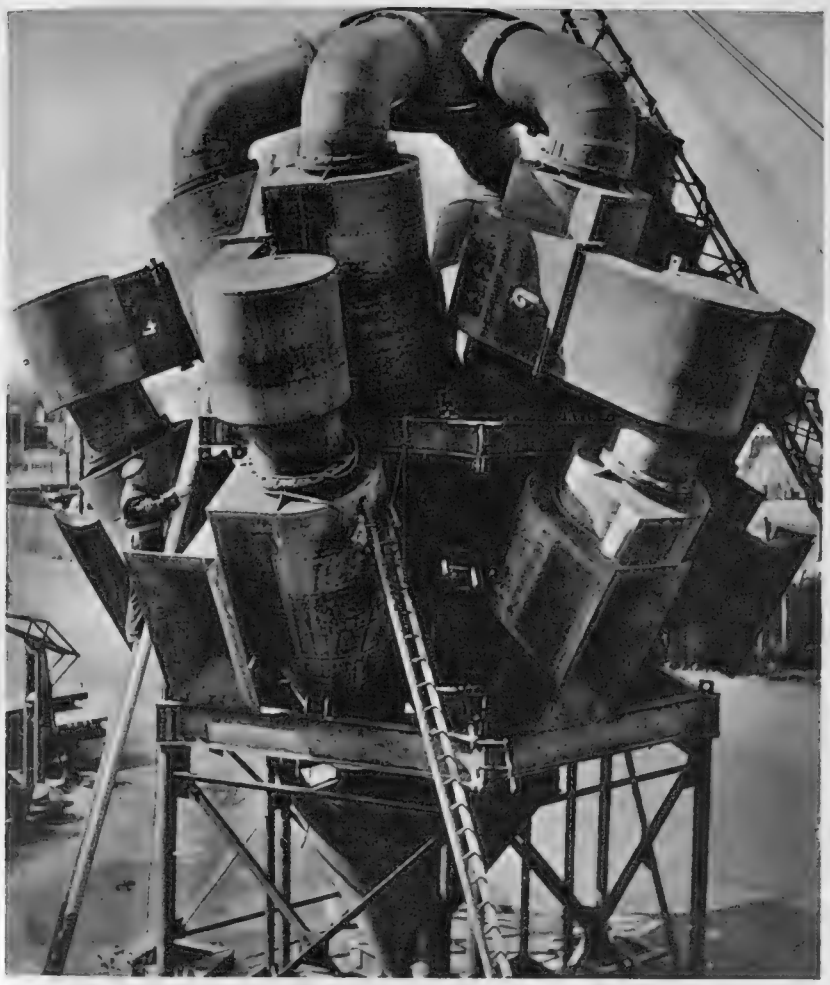
The children of fathers working for the Government or for private employers in and around the town are regular at roll call. But a number of parents are semi-nomadic, staying at Bagot for comparatively short periods.

Among the pictures on the classroom wall are sketches of boys and girls from other lands. The aboriginal children well understand what these mean. Pupils in the school come from all parts of the north. They find it easy enough to accept the idea of other peoples and other customs across the sea. Mr. Tambling leads his pupils from the known to the unknown. They know that they are the original, the ab-original, Australians. They realise that Australia is one country among many. And the older ones among them are beginning to appreciate that the classroom is a way to a wider and better life for them and their people.

THE MONDAY MORNING QUEUE FOR CLEAN CLOTHES: School uniforms are issued to these aboriginal children free of charge. On Fridays the clothes are collected again and laundered ready for issue the following Monday.

MONSTERS of the MACHINE AGE

Mechanical Engineering, in Britain and Abroad, Produces More Giant Machines to Hasten the Dawn of the Age of Plenty



A NEW BRITISH MACHINE FOR THE PRODUCTION OF AVIATION SPIRIT : A remarkable feat of engineering is now nearing completion in the erection of the great "cyclone separator" constructed by the Templewood Engineering Company for the new Shell oil-refinery at Stanlow, near Manchester. The curious-looking machine—the largest of its type ever to be built in Britain—is over 30 ft. in height and weighs almost 70 tons. The separator will, when completed, be used in the production of high octane aviation fuel from crude oil.

WHAT THE SKYLON LOOKS LIKE WITHIN : In this first picture ever taken inside the skylon, Mr. Ernest Rose, a steeplejack of Mitcham, Surrey, completes the task of cleaning the 170 reflectors and replacing 50 of the 500 lamps that illuminate the feature at night. Mr. Rose is the foreman steeplejack responsible for the maintenance of the skylon. The London Electricity Board has installed a special gadget to record the strength of any flash of lightning that might strike the skylon, but the apparatus has yet to undergo its first test by storm. Mr. Rose will get inside the skylon if an electric storm breaks while he is on top, for the outside structure will screen him from the lightning.

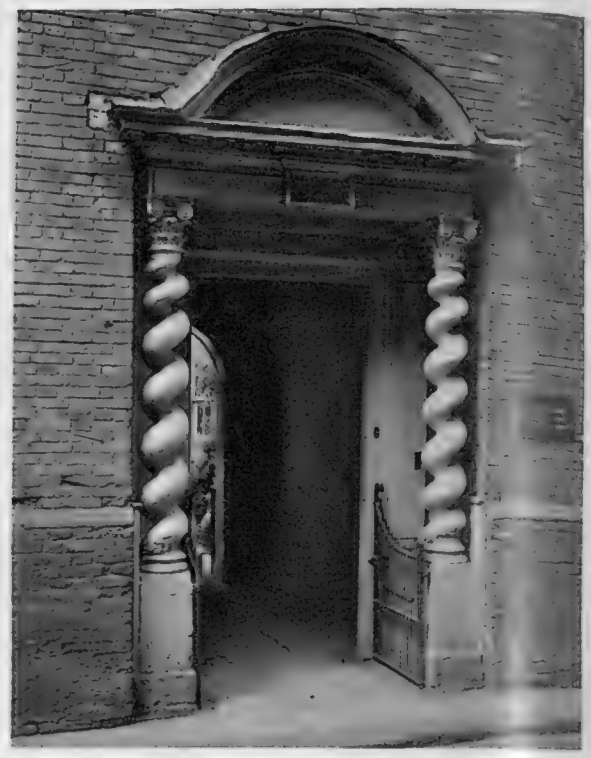
DIGGING A NEW CANAL IN RUSSIA : This huge "walking" excavator is at work on the construction of the Volga-Don canal. The greatest volume of earth-work had to be carried out by personnel of the watershed construction area, building the canal section in the highest part of the watershed between the Volga and the Don. All earth-work in this area is mechanised and carried out by powerful electric excavators. It is claimed that these machines, manufactured by the Ural Heavy Machine Building Plant, can each do the work of 7,000 navvies. The enormous excavator shown in this picture has a bucket capacity of 1.4 cub. metres.

THE HOUSE THAT THE CRANE BUILT : This giant crane, built especially for the production-line construction of houses, was displayed recently at the 1951 "Constructa" Fair held at Hanover. The machine has a 30-ton erecting stage which enables eight workmen to build a two-storeyed house in as little as six days. The central platform, stretching over the entire length of the crane, can be moved up and down electrically, and each of the two small cars hanging from the platform is manned by a bricklayer and can be moved in any direction. There are also small moving cranes suspended from the same platform which are used to move bricks and other construction material into the required position ready for building.

ROMAN AND MEDIEVAL BRITAIN IN THE NEWS

A Roman Mosaic Opened to the Public—The Royal Visit to Lynn—Crathes Castle, a Gift to the Nation

A FINE ROMAN MOSAIC OPENED TO THE PUBLIC AT WOODCHESTER : Claimed to be the most beautiful in the world, this mosaic, uncovered at Woodchester, in Gloucestershire, was opened to the public until August 18 by the Bishop of Gloucester, who is here pronouncing the blessing after the inaugural ceremony. The Rector of Woodchester, the Rev. H. D. Woolcott, says that the pavement was the entrance to a villa probably built in A.D. 117-138, and might have been the residence of a Roman Governor in Britain. The pavement is 50 ft. square, and to form the mosaic 1,500,000 cubes, many less than ½-in. square, were laid and polished.



A FINE EXAMPLE OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE : This doorway, with its spiral pillars, adorns Clifton House, Queen Street, King's Lynn, and is not far from St. George's Guildhall, which was reopened by the Queen on July 24. Clifton House has a fourteenth-century crypt of great interest.

THE BEAUTY OF RED BRICK IN ANCIENT LYNN, TWO OF THE CROWNING GLORIES OF A CITY WHICH IS ABLE TO BOAST NO FEWER THAN 400 BUILDINGS AS ANCIENT MONUMENTS : *Left*—The lofty, red-brick tower, built about 1580, attached to Clifton House. It was probably used as a watch-tower for shipping. *Right*—The King Street frontage of St. George's Guildhall, which is said to be the oldest theatre in England. Its reopening took place this week.

St. George's Guildhall at King's Lynn, which is the oldest theatre in England and can be claimed to be the largest surviving medieval building of its kind in the country since the Guildhalls of London and York were destroyed in the war, is now completely restored. For the reopening ceremony, which took place on July 24, there was a great demand among Americans for seats, and many have donated 100 guineas each to provide chairs in the new Guildhall. The Hall stands in King Street, and for years was almost forgotten and unnoticed by the majority of passers-by. In 1945, in a very dilapidated condition, with leaking roof, leaning walls, and blocked-up windows, it was in danger of being pulled down when the property, with adjoining yards and warehouses, was put up for sale. Mr. A. P. D. Penrose, of Bradenham Hall, bought the Hall and the surrounding property in the hope that some use for it could be found, and since then a scheme has been worked out for the complete restoration of the building and its use as an arts centre. The part of the property which includes the Hall, the original warehouses, water gate and quay of the guild, and an adjoining house lying to the north of the Hall, is to be vested in the National Trust. The St. George's Guild of Lynn was founded in 1376 primarily as a religious guild, and in 1406 it was wealthy enough to acquire the present site in King Street, a licence being granted by Henry IV for the guild to hold the property in mortmain, which was later confirmed by Edward IV in 1461. The size of the Hall and warehouses implies considerable commercial activity, but on the suppression of the Guilds in Edward VI's reign, the property was used as a sailmaker's shop, an exchange for merchants, a playhouse, and, during the Civil War, as an armoury and a powder store. Its use as a playhouse between 1593 and 1633 is proven by entries in the Corporation minutes, but it was not until 1766 that the interior was actually fitted up as a theatre. The use of the Hall as a theatre continued until 1814, when a new theatre was opened in St. James's Street, and the property was then sold by the Corporation. Since that time it has been used as a granary and a wool warehouse

GIFT TO THE NATION ON ROYAL DEESIDE: Crathes Castle, Kincardineshire, which has been handed over to the National Trust for Scotland by its owner, Sir James Burnett of Leys, with a sufficient endowment to ensure its future upkeep. The gift, made under the Trust's Country House Scheme, includes the gardens and policies with certain woodlands, as well as historical furniture and pictures. Crathes Castle will be open to the public on two days a week as from next year.

THE TOWER ROOM AT CRATHES CASTLE IS A TREASURE-HOUSE OF HISTORIC RELICS: Above the mantelpiece is the horn of Robert the Bruce. The Tower Room, originally the Great Hall, was restored between the world wars. At one time Victorian panelling completely concealed the character of the room. The walls are now stripped back to the bare stone, and lofty, vaulted ceilings with ornamented lighting pendants are again revealed. A feature of the room is the "Laird's Lug," a primitive form of hidden listening-post used by the laird, during absence from the dinner-table, to keep in touch with current opinions.

Situated on Royal Deeside, fourteen miles west of Aberdeen, Crathes Castle constitutes a truly princely gift to the nation. The donor, Sir James Burnett of Leys, and Lady Burnett will continue to live there, and the castle's famous gardens will still continue to benefit from their wide knowledge and experience. The gardens are to be open this Sunday, July 29, and August 5. The castle itself will not be open until next year, several minor alterations having to be undertaken first. Crathes was founded in 1533. As well as being older than such houses as Craigevar and Glamis, it carries the typical northern extravagances of corbelling and turreting to a more marked degree. It is one of the few Scottish houses to incorporate both circular and square corner turrets. The main door of the keep, unused for many years, will be reopened as a public entrance next year. It is at present guarded by an ancient "yett" of interlaced iron bars, and, three storeys above, is the aperture from which earlier occupants poured down boiling oil and pitch to discourage uninvited visitors. Probably the most vivid spectacle in the castle is the decoration of the ceilings in the rooms of "The Muses," "The Nine Nobles," and "The Green Lady's Room." These painted ceilings date from 1599 and were rediscovered near the end of last century when layers of lath and plaster were removed. Lady Burnett has stated that there are almost certainly more such paintings hidden in other rooms not yet investigated. "The Green Lady's Room" takes its name from the "family ghost" of Crathes—a legendary figure of a woman in a green shroud carrying a baby.

THE FINE OLD TITHE BARN AT BISHOPS CLEEVE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, WHICH IS TO BE CONVERTED FOR USE AS A VILLAGE HALL: The building, in typical Cotswold stone with a finely mellowed roof, has been made the subject of an application by Gloucestershire County Council to the Ministry for a grant towards the cost of conversion. The application is based on the fact that there are at the present time inadequate facilities for child welfare in the village of Bishops Cleeve.

HERE THE WOMEN SHELTERED WHEN THE CASTLE WAS ATTACKED: This is the famous Oak Gallery at Crathes Castle, the mansion on Deeside which has just been presented to the nation. It will be seen that heraldic shields are set into the panels.

A VILLAGE IN ESSEX SEES RED: Villagers of Belchamp Walter listen to a Communist speaker during a meeting that lasted just nineteen minutes. The Communist speakers were given a warm reception; blows were struck and their car was almost overturned as villagers sought to express their political opinions in the simplest fashion. Ripe eggs ended a Communist meeting at Belchamp Walter last year, when speakers tried to explain how Marxism could bring happiness to this happy village.

"WE DON'T WANT YOU HERE!" In singlet and dungarees a brawny villager of Belchamp Walter, Essex, forcibly removes one of the Communists who attempted to hold a meeting at his village.

VERY UPSETTING FOR THE EDITOR: Mr. Jack Dunman, described as the editor of *The Country Standard*, a Communist monthly, sprawled in a corner after an exchange of blows following a Communist attempt to hold a meeting at Belchamp Walter.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE GREAT NEW STEEL PLANT IN SOUTH WALES: Mr. George Strauss (right foreground) seen leading the official party round the giant continuous rolling mills of the Steel Company of Wales, which had just been inaugurated by Mr. Gaitskell, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Gaitskell was walking just behind Mr. Strauss when this picture was taken. The new mills have been built at Margam, in the space of four years, during which time 500 acres of marshland and sand dunes have been reclaimed. Details of the great reclamation project, particularly in relation to the housing scheme for the workers, are given on page 128 of this issue.

EDWARD ALLCARD COMES TO THE END OF THE LAST VOYAGE IN THE YAWL "THE TEMPTRESS": The brilliant lone navigator, who has twice crossed the Atlantic, leaning on the boom of his 34-ft. vessel after he had brought her safely into Plymouth. Allcard will sell *The Temptress* and will start out on a world voyage in another yawl which is now in America.

HOME NEWS

A PICTORIAL SURVEY FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

Of all the men who have ventured forth in small boats in recent years none has captured public imagination to quite the same degree as Edward Allcard, the thirty-six-year-old naval architect, who, in the past three years, has covered 12,000 miles in his yawl *The Temptress*, has crossed the Atlantic twice, suffered great hardship in hurricane and tempest, written a book about his adventures, and had an encounter with a girl stowaway of charm and determination. The stowaway, twenty-three-year-old poetess Otilia Frayao, journeyed with Allcard from Azores to Casablanca, and then came on to London on her own. Allcard himself sailed *The Temptress* alone from Casablanca to Plymouth, and when he put into Plymouth Sound not a siren in the harbour greeted him. The 1,300 miles from Casablanca, the last leg of the return voyage across the Atlantic, took forty-two days, twelve more than was anticipated. Persistent headwinds delayed *The Temptress*, and in a north-westerly gale off Lisbon she was driven for two days back along her course. Allcard says he wrote 50,000 words of his book en route to the Azores and another 50,000 between Casablanca and Plymouth.

DROPPING IN ON THE FESTIVAL SHIP "CAMPANIA"—THE LORD MAYOR OF BRISTOL ARRIVES BY HELICOPTER DURING THE SHIP'S STAY AT AVONMOUTH AS PART OF THE CITY'S FESTIVAL CELEBRATIONS: Alderman R. F. Lyne was flown from a playing-field close by the Mansion House, in a Bristol 171, to the deck of the *Campania* for the opening ceremony of the Exhibition during the ship's ten-day stay in the port. He thus became the first Lord Mayor to fly by helicopter to an official engagement. The helicopter was piloted by Mr. C. T. D. Hosegood, chief helicopter pilot of the Bristol Aeroplane Company. The Festival of Britain celebrations in Bristol opened on July 7. The next port of call for the *Campania* during her tour of British ports is Cardiff, where she is due to arrive on July 31.

THE SWAN UPPERS LEAVING OLD SWAN PIER, NEAR LONDON BRIDGE, ON THEIR ANNUAL TASK OF CLAIMING THE SWANS ON THE THAMES : The men who mark new swans on the Thames, to show that they belong to the King and the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies, wore their traditional costume of braided uniforms and striped jerseys. The flag with the swan design is that of the Vintners' Company. The duties of swan upping have hardly changed in the past 400 years, and the uppers use traditional marks, one nick under the right side of the swan's bill for Dyers' birds and two nicks on the other side for Vintners' birds ; while the Royal birds are left unmarked.

A COTSWOLD TOWN PUTS THE CLOCK BACK 500 YEARS : Dr. Dorothy Fortey, descendant of a famous family of that name who were benefactors of the little town of Northleach, Gloucestershire, leads a procession from the family's old timbered house to open a fair during the town's Festival of Britain celebrations. The town put back the clock 500 years, and the fair was held in authentic fifteenth-century style. Many of the inhabitants wore period costumes, and breeds of pigs and sheep, now almost extinct, were to be seen at the fair. In the fifteenth century Northleach was the great wool town of the Cotswolds and the home of wealthy merchants, including the Forteys. Proceeds from the fair will be used for local improvements.

BACK FROM AUSTRALIA TO FACE CHARGES OF ALLEGED FRAUD : Mr. George Eric Titley (left, and wearing sun-glasses) is accompanied by Chief Superintendent Thorp, of Scotland Yard's Fraud Squad, following his arrival at Tilbury in the liner *Strathaird* from Australia. Titley was taken to Cannon Row Police Station and held on one charge of alleged false pretences involving £5,000, and eleven charges of alleged fraudulent conversion involving £33,000. George Titley, forty-seven-year-old accountant, went to Australia last year, and was arrested in April at an hotel in Roma, Queensland.

THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD AND HIS FIANCÉE GO TO A FILM PREMIÈRE : The Marquess, twenty-five-year-old heir to the Dukedom of Marlborough, and Miss Susan Hornby seen at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, when they attended the world première of the film *Calling Bulldog Drummond*.

THE STOCKS THEY SHARE : These two young ladies of Northleach seem quite happy to have their pretty ankles held in the stocks. It was just a part of the town's fifteenth-century celebrations held in connection with the Festival of Britain.

A DEMONSTRATION OF MEDIEVAL FAGGOT-TYING IS GIVEN AT THE NORTHLEACH FAIR : Mr. J. Rowland, a head forester, and his foreman, Mr. C. Cook, show how firewood faggots were made.

THE CONFERMENT OF HONORARY DEGREES AT SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY : The Chancellor of the University, Lord Halifax, is seen with the recipients of the Honorary Degrees after the conferment at the Honorary Degree Congregation. Front row—from left to right, are : Dr. G. N. Clark (Doctor of Letters) ; The Archbishop of York (Doctor of Laws) ; Lord Halifax ; Dame Lillian M. Penson (Doctor of Letters) ; and the Earl of Scarbrough (Doctor of Laws). Back row, standing left to right : Mr. G. L. Keynes (Doctor of Letters) ; Sir Osbert Sitwell (Doctor of Letters) ; Public Orator (Professor Dennis Browne) ; Sir Ronald Weeks (Doctor of Technical Science) ; and Dr. Percy Dunsheath (Doctor of Engineering). Seated on the floor are the Chancellor's pages, Masters Patrick and Matthew Linton.

A DANCE TOO RARELY SEEN IN MODERN ENGLAND : Children of Northleach, in the Cotswolds, Maypole-dancing in the market-place during the town's programme for the Festival of Britain.

A SADDLE AT SEA

Mr. Uffa Fox's Unique Seat for the Helmsman on His New Flying Thirty-Five

A SADDLE-TYPE SEAT FOR THE YACHTSMAN: Mr. Uffa Fox's new design for the helmsman of the Flying Thirty-Five planing cruiser *Flying Fox*, which he has launched from his yard at Cowes, I.O.W.

The Flying Thirty-Five (*Flying Fox*) is the biggest and fastest boat yet built by Uffa Fox, who, some years ago, startled the yachting world with the appearance of his International 14-ft. sailing dinghy which doubled the speed of anything previously attained by boats of this class. The dinghy was designed specially to plane—that is, to ride—on a flat stern with the whole of the forepart well out of the water. In the new *Flying Fox* which he has built for Mr. F. W. Brownlee, of the National Yacht Club, Dublin, Mr. Uffa Fox has installed a saddle-type seat for the helmsman, which can be adjusted for various types of weather. Of the saddle-type seat, Mr. Uffa Fox says: "In a day's hunting a man will sit some eight hours in the saddle, travelling at all paces from a walk to a gallop, jumping hedges and ditches. He is only able to endure this because the saddle is a perfect seat. The motion of a boat, even in a storm, is easier than that of a horse, so this type of seat will enable a person to steer twice as long without getting tired."

THE FLYING THIRTY-FIVE HIGH AND DRY AT COWES: This is the biggest racer that Mr. Uffa Fox has ever built; it is 35 ft. at the waterline and 48 ft. overall. Whereas a normal boat of this size would displace 15 tons the *Flying Fox* displaces 7½ tons. For this reason she is expected to achieve speeds of up to 20 knots. Uffa Fox leapt into world prominence with his introduction of the Flying Fourteen, a sailing dinghy of astonishing power.

IN THE HARBOUR OF "MIGHT - HAVE - BEENS"

Broken Hulks of Unfinished Ships in the Old Hampshire Harbour of Emsworth

Standing just close to the Hampshire-Sussex border and 9 miles north-east of Portsmouth, is the port of Emsworth, once a harbour filled with oyster storage-ponds and now the graveyard of derelict broken hulks which have never been to sea.

Dominating the whole harbour scene is the square giant of timber and iron known locally as "Noah's Ark." It is all that remains of one man's ingenious idea to keep the port renowned for its oysters. Thirty years ago guests at a Hampshire County banquet became ill after eating Emsworth oysters. The oyster storage-ponds on the foreshore were declared to be contaminated and were closed. But the fishermen continued to eat their oysters and to thrive; only the oysters from the storage ponds were banned. So an enterprising oyster merchant-shipbuilder designed a ship to carry his own sea-borne oyster beds. Not until the great giant was launched did the local population have any idea of the vessel's use, for during the days of building the structure had appeared to be taking the shape of a floating-dock. Local interest was again aroused when the vessel was fitted with mooring rings along her four sides.

Then came the day when she was launched, and anchored 100 yards from the slipway. There she remained, for she was never used. The oyster trade had dwindled to a standstill as she grew on the stocks. To-day, her stout timbers offer protection to two other ships which have been moored alongside. On the west flank of the "Ark," and seeming to hug close for protection from the contempt of the hull of the real sea-going ship on the other side, lies the *Sybil*. Built long before the "Ark," she looks like a dismasted smack. But on board there is no stump of mast—no trace of rope or chain. For she has never known the shrill of wind, the creak of timbers and the slow, rhythmic heave of the toilers at the nets; the *Sybil* has never been to sea. Built to join the smacks which fished scallops off the coast of France—she came too late, for the trade was dead. She was never fitted-out. Her gear is still in the sailmaker's store.

In the midst of all these relics lives seventy-nine-year-old hale and sprightly Ben Taylor, a foreman shipwright who was engaged in the constructions of the ships. When asked about the appalling waste of the skill and labour which had gone into the building of the ships, Mr. Taylor said that they had "a lot of things like that here." From the ships out in the harbour one can see further evidence of the waste of materials and labour on shore. Standing behind the old water-mill are some petrol storage-tanks which had been built to connect up to a pipe leading to the landing-stage on the seaward side. But permission was never granted for the tankers to come alongside, and another project failed to start.

Yet another project "that didn't quite come off" was a giant traction engine which had been ordered by the Russian Government during the First World War. To-day the engine is completely ruined. After being built, a ban on the export of machinery prevented her shipment at the last moment and she was taken to Emsworth for use in the town. There she remained in use until sparks from the smoke-stack started a fire which levelled everything around her.

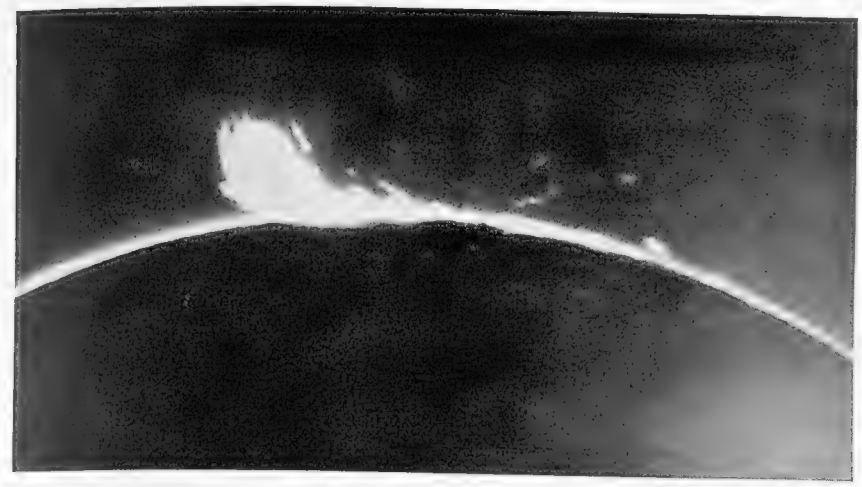
And old Ben Taylor, who started work in the port sixty-five years ago and who is now the guardian of all these wrecks, says "Retire? No, I couldn't retire." He would rather stay on to guard the "Might-Have-Beens" than to become a "has-been" himself. He still walks to work each day and starts at 7 a.m.

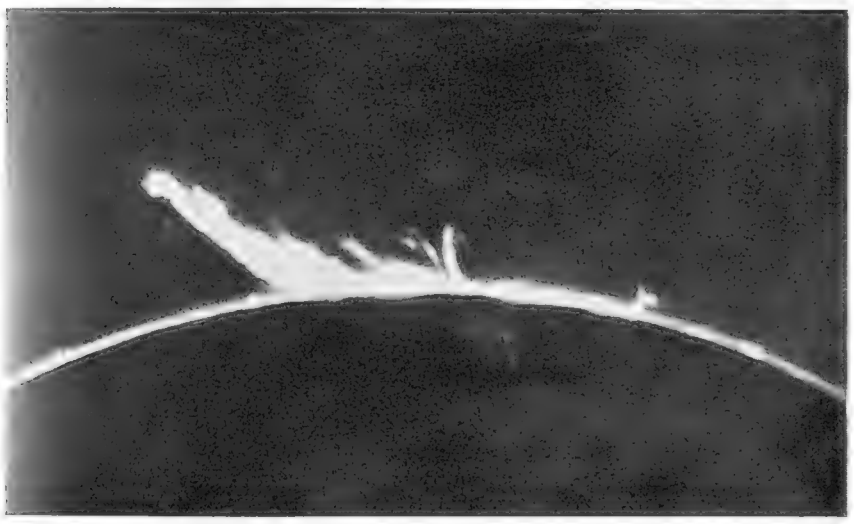
THE DERELICT SHIPS OF EMSWORTH, A QUAINT OLD COASTAL TRADING HARBOUR ON THE HAMPSHIRE-SUSSEX BORDER: *Left*—The wreck of a sea-going ship lying alongside the hulk of the "Noah's Ark," built by an enterprising oyster merchant-shipbuilder to house sea-borne oyster ponds. She was never used. *Right*—Seventy-nine-year-old Ben Taylor, a foreman shipwright, seen on one of the ships he helped to build forty years ago. The harbour became a graveyard of unfinished and prematurely-retired ships at the time of the decline in the oyster- and scallop-fishing industries.

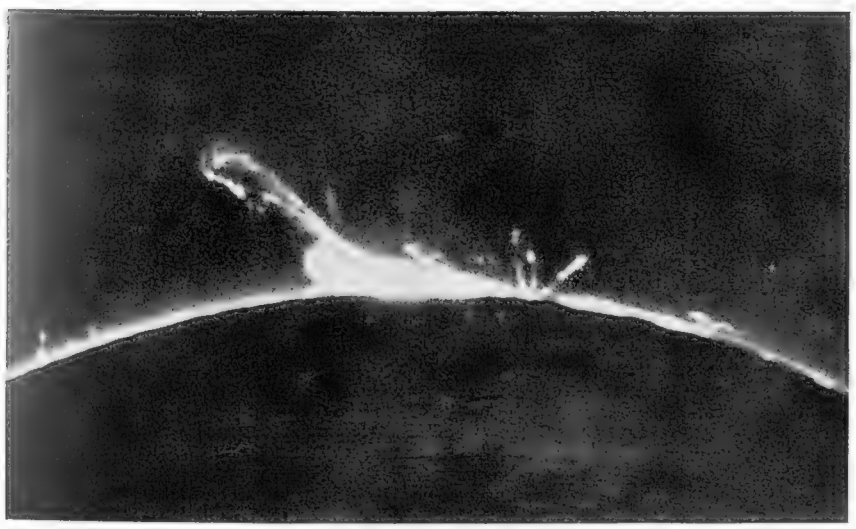
THE REMAINS OF A TRACTION ENGINE DESTINED FOR RUSSIA: Owing to a World War I ban on the export of machinery, the engine was not delivered. It was later put into service at the harbour, where it remained until damaged by fire some years ago.

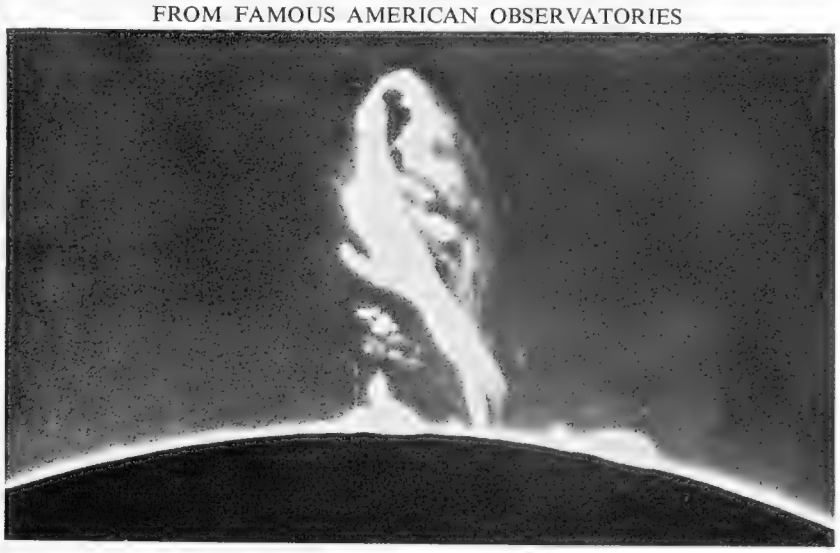
SUN-WATCHING IN THE UNITED STATES

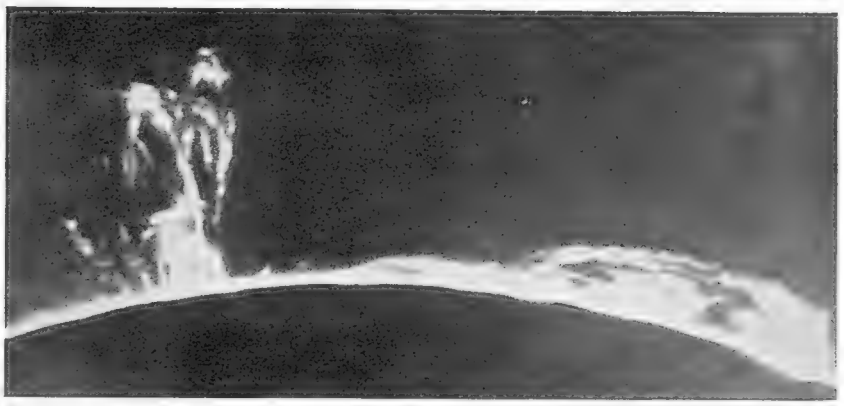
THE CHURNING, BOILING SURFACE OF THE SUN AS REVEALED IN A SERIES OF NEW PICTURES FROM FAMOUS AMERICAN OBSERVATORIES

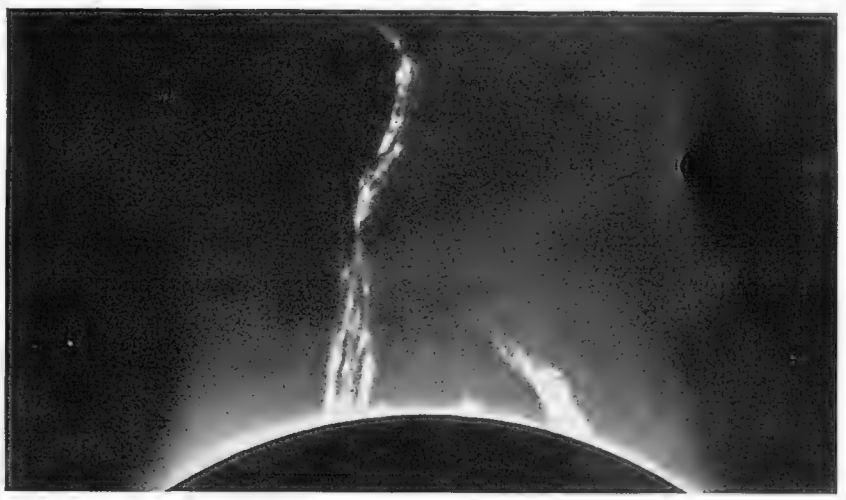


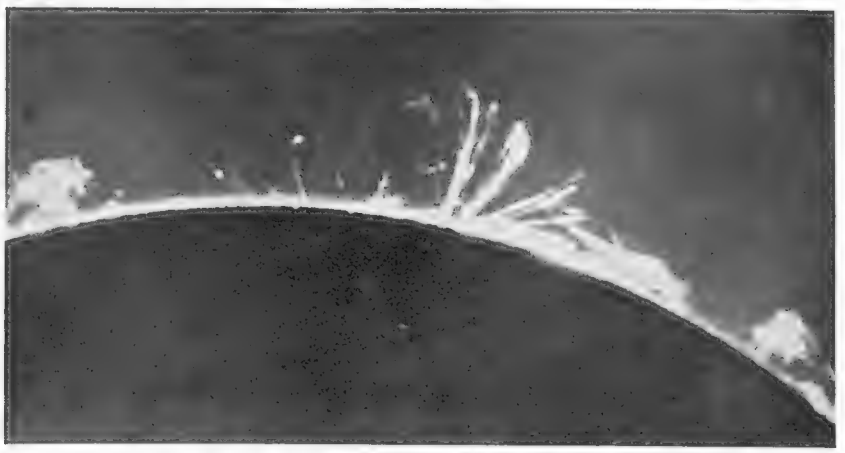












SUN-WATCHING REDUCED TO A FINE ART: These solar photographs, which are described in some detail in the notes reproduced below, come from the Solar Research Station on Sacramento Peak, New Mexico, and from the High Altitude Observatory of Harvard University and the University of Colorado at Climax, Colorado, where, with the aid of a coronagraph—a telescope which produces the effect of an artificial eclipse—some remarkable records have been taken of solar prominences, the filamentary clouds of luminous gas which send towards the earth those emanations which cause magnetic storms and auroral displays. Both in Britain and America a determined attempt is being made at the present time to study these prominences and their particular effects upon climate and weather. Since 1943 Dr. Walter O. Roberts, of Climax, has produced for study many thousands of feet of motion film relating to solar prominences. The films show clearly that downward-moving matter is much more prevalent than upward-moving matter. From this it follows that a large proportion of the upward-rising gases rise invisibly. Research at Climax and Sacramento Peak seem to indicate that sunspot activity arises through a collapse of the magnetic roof above the sun's surface.

The four pictures in the left-hand column show (top to bottom) the progressive stages of a massive solar prominence photographed from 9.10 a.m. onwards on June 7, 1950, with the coronagraph at Climax Observatory. The "explosion" occurred on the east "limb," or edge, of the sun. The great mass of incandescent hydrogen gas had already reached a height of approximately 27,000 miles above the sun's boiling surface when the Observatory's motion-picture camera was trained upon it in picture one (top-left). Ten minutes later the highest traces of incandescent gas visible are some 133,000 miles above the surface (second picture down), proof that in ten minutes the swirling hydrogen had climbed about 106,000 miles. At that rate, a trip from earth to moon would take about 22½ minutes. Thirty-nine minutes after picture one was made the flaming gas was flowing back into the sun (third picture down). At about one hour after the photograph one was made, the prominence was slowly subsiding back into the sun (bottom-left). The top-right picture shows a prominence described by scientists as outstandingly active and of an unusual type. The swirling mass of incandescent hydrogen gas comprising this "sunstorm" extends more than 160,000 miles above the sun's surface. The picture was made on February 14, 1950, from the Solar Research Station on Sacramento Peak, New Mexico. The picture second down on right shows one of the sun's firework displays, which reached a height of 85,000 miles, and is closely associated with a sunspot. Its gases are extremely active, with masses of the fiery hydrogen "raining" down from the high points of the archlike forms. The picture third from top, on the right, shows a huge stream of incandescent hydrogen rising nearly a third of a million miles above the sun's surface. The spurt travelled at well over 100 miles a second and solar scientists reported the entire cloud was rising into the solar atmosphere at high velocity. This picture was made on January 17, 1951, from Sacramento Peak. The picture at bottom-right shows what solar scientists regard as a fine example of a prominence controlled by the intense, invisible magnet fields above a sunspot. Knots of incandescent hydrogen gas stream down towards the sun in graceful arcs.

BRIGHTON'S REGENCY FESTIVAL

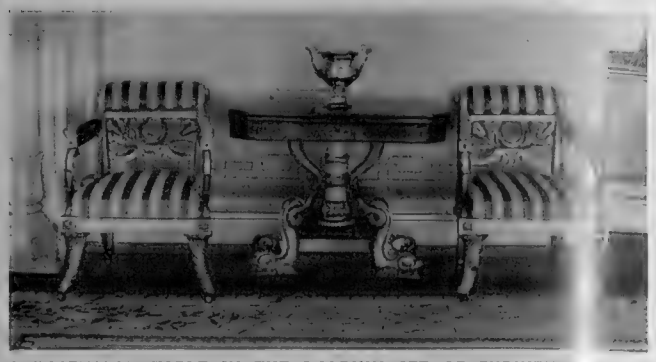
The Royal Pavilion Appears Much as it was in the Days When the Prince Regent and His Set Singled Out Brighton for Royal Favour

When the Prince Regent fled from his debts to what was then the seaside village of Brighthelmston, determined to lead a life of idyllic simplicity away from the turmoil of the town, the intention was probably sincere, and the first Brighton Pavilion, round which grew the fashionable resort, at first boasted few extravagances. From the outset, however, the Prince began to dream of something more exotic, reflecting the emotional richness and fervour of imagined medieval and oriental worlds. "Prinny" was not to be denied his eastern dream. Plan after plan was considered, and, finally, John Nash's version was accepted; and so there arose that famed building which some admired hugely and some, like Pasquin, derided as "a nondescript monster, a mad house, or a house run mad, with neither beginning, middle nor end."

BRIGHTON AS IT WAS IN THE HEYDAY OF THE REGENCY: This model, made by Mr. Edmund J. Thring, shows the Steine and the original Royal Pavilion (in background) in 1805. The model has been placed on view during the Regency Festival in Brighton by the Regency Society of Brighton. The focal point of the Festival is the Royal Pavilion now opened to the public and furnished and equipped with the authentic things of Regency days. The Royal Family has lent treasures to the Royal Pavilion Exhibition.

LOAN EXHIBITS FROM QUEEN MARY: A harp, a piano stool and a piano on view in the south wing of the Royal Pavilion. Other loans to the exhibition by Queen Mary are an enamel portrait of King George IV during his days as Prince Regent and an enamel portrait of King William IV in naval uniform.

THE NORTH DRAWING-ROOM OF THE ROYAL PAVILION: Here in strong evidence is displayed the taste for chinoiserie and for fine pieces in the Egyptian style which was popular for a few years after Nelson's victory of the Nile. Regency rosewood furniture also graces this room, which was restored in 1948.



A ROSEWOOD TABLE IN THE DOLPHIN SET OF FURNITURE WHICH HAS BEEN LENT TO THE ROYAL PAVILION REGENCY EXHIBITION BY THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY: The table is supported by a turned carved and gilt column on a platform upheld by four carved and gilt dolphins. This suite of gilt furniture, which is displayed in the South Drawing Room, was made by William Collins and presented in 13 to Greenwich Hospital by the widow of Mr. John Ish of Kempton Park in memory of Lord Nelson. It is probably the most important and elaborate set of Regency furniture in existence, all the items being richly gilded and carved with dolphins, acanthus, cornucopia, and other ornaments. The suite was restored in 1948 by the Ministry of Works, the green silk tabourette upholstery being especially woven.

Even to-day the Royal Pavilion at Brighton arouses fierce controversy, but one thing is quite certain, there will be no argument as to the magnificent way in which it has been transformed for the 1951 Regency Festival, Brighton's special contribution to the Festival of Britain. Here we see the Oriental seaside palace as it was in Regency days. The gold plate is laid out, the chairs are drawn up to the table as for a banquet, chickens are roasting upon the spit in the Royal kitchens, replete with a great *batterie de cuisine*, and the white Chinese embroidered bedspread, which the Regent gave to Mrs. Fitzherbert, partner of his morganatic marriage, lies across one of the beds. £3,000,000 worth of treasure now adorns the pavilion, some of it loaned from Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, and a special squad of private detectives, with

THE PRINCE REGENT'S KITCHEN: The Great Kitchen at the Royal Pavilion, which has probably aroused more interest than any other part of the present exhibition, remains much as it was when completed about 1815, with the original bronze snake canopies, the long range, the lanterns, and the open fireplace with its complicated mechanism of spits and jacks turned by means of pulleys and chains from a vane rotating in the draught of the chimney. It was here that the famous Carême reigned as chef to the Prince Regent for eight months in 1816 and 1817. The kitchen has been furnished for the Festival display with the *batterie de cuisine* formerly used in the kitchens of the Duke of Wellington.

THE MUSIC ROOM AT THE ROYAL PAVILION WITH ITS GREAT CIRCULAR AUBUSSON CARPET OF THE LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY WHICH WAS MADE FOR ONE OF CATHERINE THE GREAT'S PALACES : The furniture, gold plate and musical instruments now shown are intended to clothe the room rather than to reproduce any actual scene of the past.

a modern alarm system to help them, guards the pavilion during the six weeks of the Festival exhibition.

It is doubtful, indeed, if the Royal Pavilion has looked so fine since the days when George IV left it; but this is not by any means the first of the Regency exhibitions held there. There was one in 1946, when Lady Birley hired the Pavilion from the Brighton Corporation on her own initiative and gathered round her a distinguished and enthusiastic committee of helpers. The present display, however, is notably complete, and whether it is in the Banqueting-Room, the Great Kitchen, the Saloon, the South and North Drawing-Rooms, the Music Room, the King's Library or the King's Bedroom, every effort has been made to reproduce the authentic atmosphere of Regency days; the days of privilege, of gay and lavish revels when the Prince gathered round him some of the wildest characters of the age, a group that included the notorious Sir John Lade, the Prince's riding master, and Lady Lade, who had once been the mistress of a highwayman. Another of these cronies was "Newgate" Barrymore, so-called after the only prison he had not entered. There was "Hellgate" Barrymore, too, so-named because of the portals he was obviously destined to enter, "Cripplegate," the lame brother, and "Billingsgate," the sister with the rich vocabulary. Round these dissolute characters of wit and intelligence "Prinny" built his world. There were intervals in the gaiety, notably when the Prince brought to the Pavilion his luckless bride, the unfortunate Princess Caroline, whom we are told so captured the sympathy of the Brighton public—as, indeed, she did of the whole nation—that the Prince, finding his popularity waning, decided to spend the season of 1796 at Bognor.

The Prince was separated from Princess Caroline within a year. He rejoined Mrs. Fitzherbert, and later forsook her for the vixenish Lady Jersey. The Prince broke with her in turn and became reunited with "the wife of his soul" in 1800. Then began a new period of idyllic life at the Pavilion, but here again there was an interruption when the baleful influence of the handsome but frigid Lady Hertford resulted in Mrs. Fitzherbert being driven from the Pavilion.

It was in the period after 1800 that the Moghul splendour of the Pavilion burst upon the public, when Humphrey Repton produced his Indian designs. Some say that the spirit of the Pavilion's evolution was identical with the trends of the English romantic movement in poetry, which had found much of its richest inspiration in the East. Certain it is that as the Pavilion assumed its final exotic shape, the poet Coleridge wrote in the year 1817 the magic lines: "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure dome decree."

THE BANQUETING-ROOM, WITH ITS PERIOD FURNITURE, ITS MAGNIFICENT GOLD PLATE AND TABLE EQUIPMENT FROM THE ROYAL AND OTHER COLLECTIONS, REPRODUCES AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE THE SCENE OF KING GEORGE IV'S BANQUET FOR TWENTY-FOUR GUESTS, GIVEN IN 1824 AND RECORDED IN NASH'S VIEWS OF THE ROYAL PAVILION : Towards this brilliant setting the King has lent from Windsor Castle the twenty-four gilt dining-chairs made by the Prince Regent's cabinet-makers in 1813, and from Buckingham Palace many damask tablecloths woven for the Prince Regent as well as four gilt metal candelabra formerly used on the dining-table where they now stand.

THE NEW VISTA OF PITLOCHRY—THE VIEW FROM THE SLOPES OVERLOOKING FASKALLY LOCH, FORMED BY THE 50-FT.-HIGH DAM ON THE RIVER TUMMEL, OF THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND HYDRO-ELECTRIC BOARD: In the middle-distance is the white marquee of the Pitlochry Festival Theatre. During the past weeks much has been written in the correspondence columns of the Scottish Press regarding the effectiveness of the fish ladders at the new loch and dam at Pitlochry.

THE NEW LOCH AT PITLOCHRY

Probably the most spectacular of all the North of Scotland's Hydro Electric Board's twenty-four power schemes is the new scheme on the River Tummel, in Perthshire. The river has been dammed at Clunie and the water is being carried to the Clunie Power Station through a tunnel bored for two miles through solid rock. There is another dam at Pitlochry, and the water which drives the turbines at Clunie is being used again at the Pitlochry Power Station.

When the building of the new dams was first conceived consideration was given to the preservation of the fish in the vicinity of the dams. The outcome of this was a series of fish passes, steps and ladders built from one pool to another all down the sides of the dams.

Now that the ladders have been put to use eye-witness accounts have referred to their inefficiency in providing the necessary safety measures and resting-places for the fish. When replying to criticism published in the correspondence columns of the Scottish Press, Mr. G. D. Banks, the information officer of the Hydro Electric Board, said that the fish passes had been built after prolonged laboratory experiments, and examination of other large fish passes had been made and that there was no foundation for the "gloomy picture" painted by the correspondent. Conditions at Pitlochry are said to be easier than at another well-tried pass at the Tongland dam of the Galloway scheme. The Tongland dam is 70 ft. high compared with the 50-ft. Pitlochry dam, and the steps of the fish pass at Tongland are 2 ft., compared with 18 ins. at Pitlochry.

TWO YORKSHIRE OCCASIONS

THE 614TH READING OF THE FAIR CHARTER OF SEAMER, NEAR SCARBOROUGH: Mr. J. Harrison, the third generation of his family to hold office, reads the charter for the forty-first time on the occasion of the annual ceremony at Seamer. The Charter, granted by King Richard II in 1337, gives Seamer the right to hold "one fair annually, to buy, sell or exchange horses, mares, geldings, filleys, sheep or other articles of merchandise"; the fair to last seven days only. Also in the picture are Mr. Fred Chambers (crier); the two halberdiers, John Atkinson and Bill Dean, and two charter men (mounted), Charles Mann and Tom Agar.

A FESTIVAL OCCASION IN A NORTH RIDING MARKET TOWN—TRADERS OF BEDALE, YORKSHIRE, PARADE THROUGH THE TOWN DRESSED IN VICTORIAN COSTUME: Dressed in the costumes of the Victorian era, the traders later sold their wares from stalls placed in front of their shops. The occasion formed part of the Festival of Britain celebrations in the town. Other notable attractions arranged for the celebration of the Festival in the market town included an agricultural show and a pageant—the 700th anniversary of the granting of the town's Charter and the centenary of the first railway to Bedale.

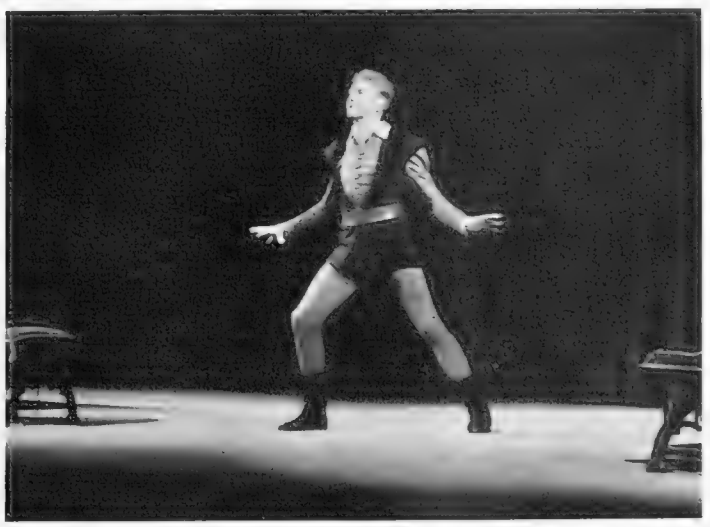
CECIL BEATON'S FIRST PLAY : A scene from *The Gainsborough Girls*, which had its premiere at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, prior to West End production. The above setting represents Thomas Gainsborough's house in Pall Mall. Left to right are : Michael Shepley as Mr. Christie ; Lawrence Hardy as Gainsborough ; Barbara Cavan as Lady Codlington ; Angela Baddeley as Mrs. Gainsborough ; Helen Christie as Emma Hart ; Muriel Pavlow as Mary Gainsborough ; Hugh Latimer as Lord Phillpot ; **and Josephine Stuart as Margaret Gainsborough.** Cecil Beaton, best known as a Society portrait photographer, has already established himself as a painter, stage designer and author of several books. In 1946 he made his first appearance as an actor at the Curran Theatre, in San Francisco, as Cecil Graham in *Lady Windermere's Fan*, for which he had already designed the scenery and costumes. Now he has written his own play and decorated it lavishly with his designs for costumes and settings. *The Gainsborough Girls* is the simply and sentimentally told story of Mrs. Gainsborough's match-making for her daughters Margaret and Mary.

DRAMATIST—CECIL BEATON

The Shoemaker's Holiday at the Guildhall ; *The Winter's Tale* at Beckenham ; One-man Shakespeare in Holland

THE LORD MAYOR'S HOUSE AT HOXTON : A scene from Thomas Dekker's *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, which was presented for four special performances at the Guildhall last week by the City of London Festival Players, a company consisting of eighty-five actors and actresses drawn from the leading amateur dramatic societies in the City of London. The play about a shoemaker who became Lord Mayor of London was seen by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress.

"THE WINTER'S TALE" ON A SUMMER'S AFTERNOON : A scene from the first act of the play, which was produced in Beckenham Place Park by students of the Morley College Theatre School. *The Winter's Tale* was also produced at the George Inn, Southwark, and in parks at Highgate, Streatham and Wandsworth. Holiday productions have become a yearly event for the young actors. Two years ago they performed *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the George Inn on Shakespeare's birthday ; last year Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* was produced there and in the parks.



MICHAEL REDGRAVE GIVES A ONE-MAN PERFORMANCE OF SHAKESPEARE IN AMSTERDAM : He wore a specially-designed "all-purpose" Elizabethan costume to give different characterisations from *Henry V*, *The Tempest*, *Macbeth* and *King Lear* at the Amsterdam Stadsschouwburg. The actor was making one of two week-end appearances in Holland during his season at Stratford. He drove to London after the Friday performance of *Henry VI*, flew to Amsterdam the next morning and appeared that evening. The following day he was at The Hague, and he then flew back to be in Stratford for the Monday night show. Later in the season, Michael Redgrave will give his one-man performances in Denmark, Sweden and Finland. Another famous actor, Emlyn Williams, gave readings from five of Dickens' novels at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge, last Sunday. He was dressed and made-up to represent the novelist who himself gave readings in this country and in America.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

The TRIBULATIONS of HOTEL-KEEPING

Mrs. Caroline Christon Tells of Her Experiences in Her Personal Adventure Story, "We Mustn't Upset the Staff"

ANY woman who has tried to run a house with even one servant, and any man or woman with normal powers of observation who has ever stayed in a hotel, will appreciate Mrs. Caroline Christon's book, WE MUSTN'T UPSET THE STAFF (Falcon Press. 13s. 6d.). This volume, written in a healthy state with just as much anger as tears, deals with the author's defeats, struggles, victories and constant back-breaking work as the Resident Proprietor, with her husband, of a private hotel in Stratford-on-Avon. Neither of them came from a long line of practised inn-keepers, and both were middle-aged before they made their momentous decision in 1945. Nevertheless, they now have their hotel, which runs, more or less, to their own pattern, and which, if not the perfect little gold-mine their optimistic son foresaw, at least is out of the red and into the black side of the ledger.

This is, in a true if limited sense, an adventure story, and should be read as such, for surely any people who hazard their fortune, their expectations and, indeed, their physical health on an unknown project because it seems to give them a chance of being their own masters, must truly be described as adventurers, and admired as such. They came from Yorkshire to Stratford almost by chance, and there found the big, old, Georgian house which seemed, for all its practical shortcomings, best suited to their plan. They bought it, they cleaned and furnished it, and then they set about engaging the necessary staff. Then came not just the rub, but the perpetual friction with which they have now learned to compromise, but which is scarcely ever absent. Their son, an ex-airman, proved to be an enterprising plumber-cum-electrician, married the nicest of cooks and graduated to managerial level. Mr. and Mrs. Christon themselves have in the past five years held every job in the hotel from washer-up to receptionist, and often three jobs at a time. Now that things are going more smoothly (and such is the force of Mrs. Christon's impression that I feel like touching wood as I write that), she has taken time off, or somehow contrived time to write as sensible, forceful and funny a book about hotel-keeping as I have ever read.

LEAVES FROM A DOCTOR'S LIFE (Heinemann. 18s.) is an enchanting book in a very different sense. The formal, ninety-ish title suits its subject-matter in a way, but is far from conveying the grand sense of fun with which Sir Philip Panton so often illuminates his pages. A distinguished physician, who died recently in his seventies, Sir Philip was born into a quiet corner of Dorset society, and was the grandson of that immensely popular Victorian artist, W. P. Frith, whose "Derby Day" caused such a furore at the Academy that rails had to be fixed in front of it to control the press of people. There are several good stories of this redoubtable old gentleman, a notable one being concerned with his habit in playing whist of first extracting all the Trump cards from the pack and sitting on them, only producing them at the vital moment, and smacking them down on the table in high delight, with what effect on his adversaries' dispositions is not stated.

But anecdotes apart, this is a book of very real appeal, as it shows the training and development of a doctor through the present century, and naturally and inseparably, the improvement in hospital conditions, in hygiene, and, of course, in scientific research. Not the relative values of drugs and treatments, but the relative dangers of dirt and neglect were the problems with which doctors, and, even more, patients, had to contend with in the past fifty years, and Sir Philip brings them vividly before us, writing with admirable simplicity and point, and a good humour that is really invariable. One of the exceptions, and this, too, is very much in character, is the Picasso school of painting, which, with van Gogh's work, he castigates in no uncertain terms. And such exceptions to a reader half as well balanced as this writer will be part of the fun and the enjoyment as well.

Brisk and wise-cracking rather than just plain funny is NUTS IN MAY (Constable. 12s. 6d.), a miscellany by Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner, whose crisp delivery of parthian shots is of transatlantic renown. The present book contains some good jokes, but it really excels in predicaments. Here you will find Miss Otis Skinner at her liveliest and most ingenious, engaged in the exercise of laughing at herself, and the fixes into which from time to time she has got herself. Sometimes it is the sad case of the dinosaur bones, found by her little son, inadequately packed and transported by him with fanatic determination across the United States by train, only to be adjudged as bones of some dead Dobbin, on arrival. Sometimes it is a visit to the same son at school and the motherly vow not to do anything to damage the boy's prestige, such as wearing tweeds instead of minks, and then realising that it is summer anyway. And sometimes it is a disintegrating struggle with a French post office with special reference to the kind of French telephone that anyone can deal with who is lucky enough to have three hands.

I secretly suspect Miss Otis Skinner of being imperturbable in all these and many other plights, including the one in which she was required to answer some questions from Dr. Kinsey, of report fame. But nevertheless, it all makes good reading, and it is just possible that this has occurred to her too.

THE VILLAIN "FOYLED" AGAIN

"DEATH IN PARK LANE": *In the top picture* Dr. Ambrosius (played by Mr. Harry Caskit) is seen, in the midst of his speech attacking crime novels, being electrocuted by contact with the microphone, and (*below*) Mr. Esmond Knight, as a detective, and Mr. Dan Cunningham, as a doctor, have arrived on the scene. These dramatic events all took place on Friday, July 13, at the Dorchester, Park Lane, when Foyles' held a luncheon to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the Crime Club. The Crime Club sketch, devised for the occasion by E. C. R. Lorac, was acted by members of St. James's Theatre Company. After the murder the detective ordered the arrest of the Toastmaster, who turned out to be an addict to crime fiction who was moved to madness on hearing Dr. Ambrosius deliver his scathing attack on detective fiction.

During the war and shortly afterwards, Miss Margaret Lee Runbeck wrote two books, each of them a collection of adventures which are said to have happened to men and women who relied on God in the face of crucial danger. From these books has been compiled a single volume of selections, and this has now been published as TO-DAY'S GREAT ANSWER (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.). A work of this kind almost defies criticism, not entirely because of its content, but because of the evident sincerity with which it has been composed. This is no exception, but it is at least possible to say that Miss Runbeck avoids a cloying or sanctimonious note, and has paraphrased the personal stories, whether of Dunkirk or the London blitz, Pearl Harbour or some private miracle, in acceptable taste.

SINGING CORAL (James Barrie. 12s. 6d.) is a story, part-fiction and part-history, of the Polynesian people and of their voyages of discovery made hundreds of years ago in the Pacific. Mr. Sverre Holmsen writes from present-day experience and from immense research, and the result is a book which is an unconventional blend of legend, romance and hard facts. So unusual is it that the reader will find even this good translation from the Swedish by Joan Bulman a little stiff at first till his interest in the story, and in these fascinating people, is caught and held. Then he will read with pleasure and occasionally with a thrill of their prowess on sea and land, of their exquisite volcanic islands, and of their songs and lore. Mr. Douglas Woodhall has done the decorations to the book, and a glossary is provided—and needed.

If there is a process opposite to "de-bunking" it may be said that Mr. Frank Illingworth does it to and for the Arctic Circle in his new book. This is an absorbing chronicle of living conditions, industries, explorations and relative temperatures, most of which information succeeds in giving one an entirely different impression of a place which the less adventurous or widely read among us persist in regarding as an inaccessible wilderness of ice and snow, reigned over by blizzards and wolves, and inhabited by backward people who live on a hearty but monotonous diet of blubber. NORTH OF THE CIRCLE (Hodge. 15s.) has evidently been designed to correct a few of these misconceptions, and does its job with energy and an accumulation of stories and first-hand experiences.

Mr. H. Warner Allen would have us believe that wine should be regarded as the excuse rather than as the subject of his new book, which indulges in what Disraeli called "the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity" about a number of topics. Be that as it may, A CONTEMPLATION OF WINE (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is a thoroughly entertaining little volume and, where it touches on the technicalities of wine-growing and wine-producing, highly authoritative.

KITCHENER'S GOLD

And Other Adventure Books of the Moment

Four books of adventure, widely separated in theme and in manner, claim attention this week, and pride of place beyond doubt goes to Charles Courtney's UNLOCKING ADVENTURE (Robert Hale. 15s.), in which this highly-paid legal safe-breaker describes some of the highlights of his colourful life. Perhaps his most remarkable experiences have been on the ocean bed. Mr. Courtney tells how he unlocked the safes of the *Egypt*, torpedoed during the First World War, with a cargo of gold and diamonds, and how at the behest of Sir Basil Zaharoff, that cultivated man of mystery, he worked in 1933 on the wreck of the British cruiser *Hampshire* amid the strong Orkney currents, where, apparently encountering a mine, she went down when bearing Lord Kitchener on his wartime mission to Russia. On board was £2,000,000 in gold roubles. Exploring the *Hampshire* wreck was an unnerving experience for all the divers concerned. After suction pumps had removed the mountain of sand upon the cruiser's decks, the gun emplacements were revealed with the skeletons of British sailors who had stuck to their posts. This was the prelude to further exploration in the captain's cabin and in the ante-room beyond, where six enormous strong boxes were dynamited by the divers, the splintered boxes disgorging mounds of gold coins dull and green with tarnish. This first haul amid the *Hampshire* wreck brought in £60,000 in gold, and a second visit to the sunken cruiser, when yet more mountains of sand had been cleared some weeks later, revealed in the bullion room chest after chest of gold coins, all 20-rouble pieces, originally intended to bolster the flagging armies of the Tsar. Here, amid the terrible cross-currents, misfortune overcame the party. The bulkhead door was almost closed, and for an hour the divers, their air supply giving out, were trapped in the bullion room, only to be released by a sudden change in the direction of the current. Mr. Courtney suffered a broken wrist, one of his companions had a crushed chest, another had a broken spine, and a third was dead. To add to the horror of the experience the bodies of two perfectly preserved officers, which the divers found seated in their chairs in the ante-room to the Captain's quarters, were carried round the ship, their ghostly figures, swirling amid the eddies, seemingly chasing the divers as they bent to their task. Nothing could have been more eerie amid the semi-darkness of the depths. Mr. Courtney says that when he had been four days in hospital after being rushed to an English port, he did not recognise the man who stared back at him from his own shaving mirror. His hair had gone completely white.

Adventure of another kind is provided by The Hon. T. C. F. Prittie and Captain W. Earle Edwards in SOUTH TO FREEDOM (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), a record of escapes from German hands during the Second World War. This is a second edition of a book, which first appeared in 1946, and deservedly appears again, for, like *The Escaping Club*, that classic of 1914-18, and *The Wooden Horse*, it has the authentic touch. The book is called *South to Freedom* because the authors made their goal that portion of the Swiss land frontier where it juts into South Germany, and where eventually their persistence in escaping gained its reward. Of the many attempts at escape made by this intrepid pair, one of the most interesting was the first when, amid the chaos of the Fall of France and the surrounding of the B.E.F., they slipped into the woods of Artois from a Germany-bound prisoner-of-war column and, after many adventures, reached the little port of Le Crotoy at the mouth of the Somme, only to suffer capture by mischance at the hands of a drunken German officer and his sergeant just at the moment when they were about to seize for themselves a handsome little boat replete with mast and sail. This is a well-written book, its strictly factual manner peculiarly well-suited to the hair-raising moments it describes. The authors encountered conditions which were larger than life. They have been careful in presenting them in some perspective.

And now to the backwoods for a tale of a very different kind, a tail of trails and treasures, but here again a tale wisely couched in simple words, for Harry Macfie and Hans G. Westerlund, the two authors of WASA-WASA (Allen and Unwin. 15s.), need no artificial aids in presenting the story of Macfie's adventures in the remoter parts of Alaska and in Canada at the turn of the century. Harry Macfie is a Swede, although descended from an old Scottish family, and went to America in 1897, subsequently living amid the greatest of the gold rushes. Mr. Westerlund has co-operated in turning the original manuscript into Swedish, and now re-translated by F. H. Lyon, it appears in this English edition.

Lieut.-General H. G. Martin in SUNSET FROM THE MAIN (Museum Press. 15s.) conforms to a more conventional pattern in his adventuring. He recounts the sporting memories of an artilleryman in India, the old India that can never be relived. Many who know India will close this book with a nostalgic sigh, and those who do not know it will find pleasure in General Martin's vivid style.

COUNTRY HERITAGE (*Liverpool Daily Post and Echo*. 15s.) is a new illustrated volume dealing with the stately homes of the North-West Counties and North Wales, among them Knowsley, historic estate of the Stanleys. Another volume of topographical interest is S. P. B. Mais' BRITANNIA 1651-1951 (Staple Press. 25s.), a series of old county maps with a commentary by one of our finest travel writers.

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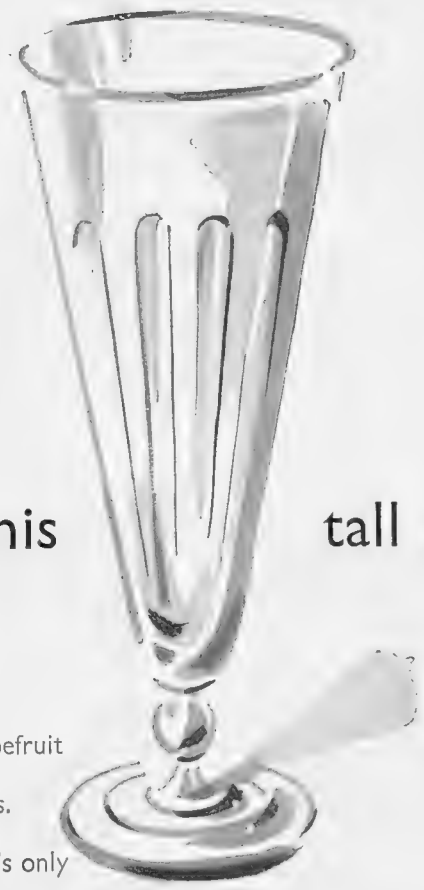

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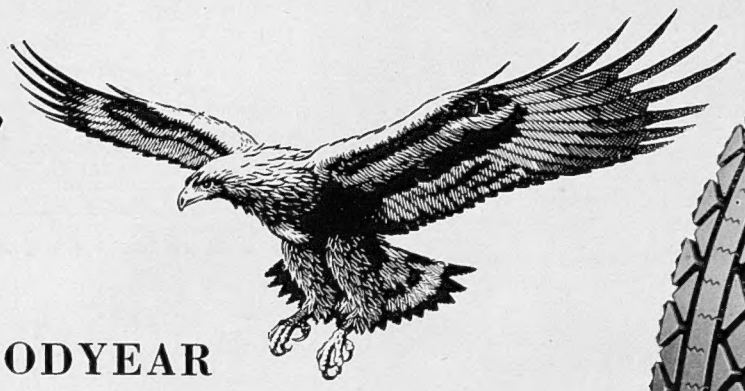

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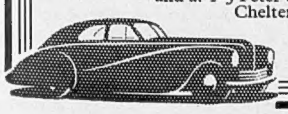

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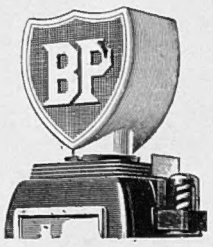

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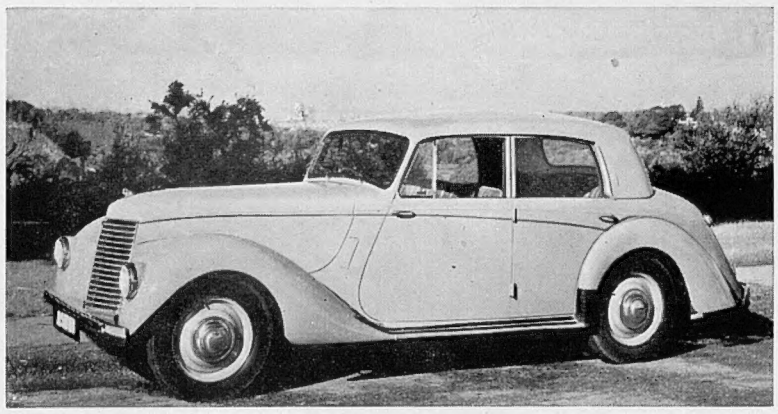

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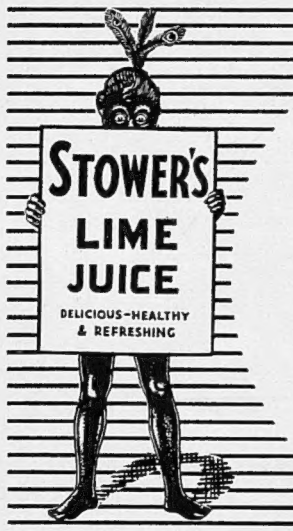

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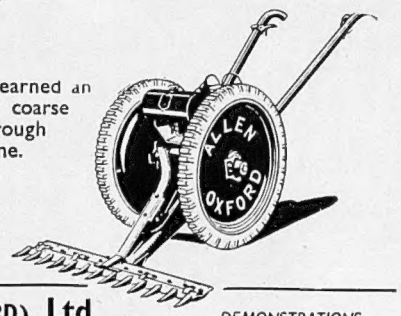

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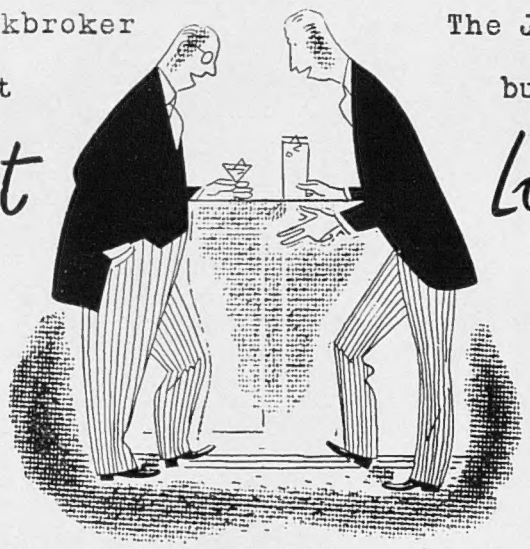

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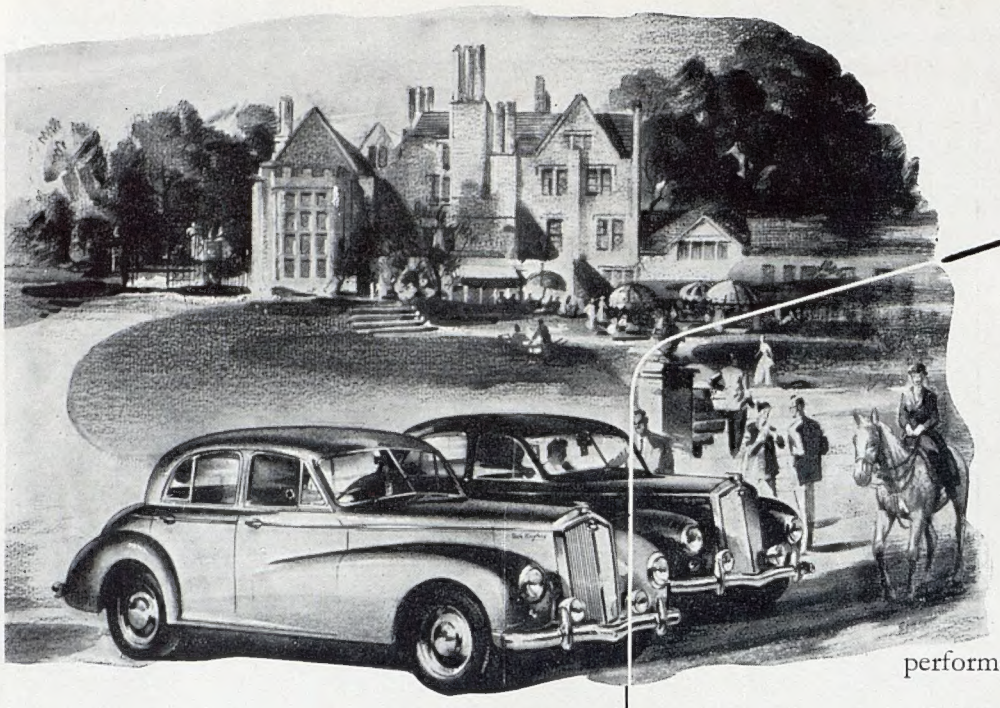

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